

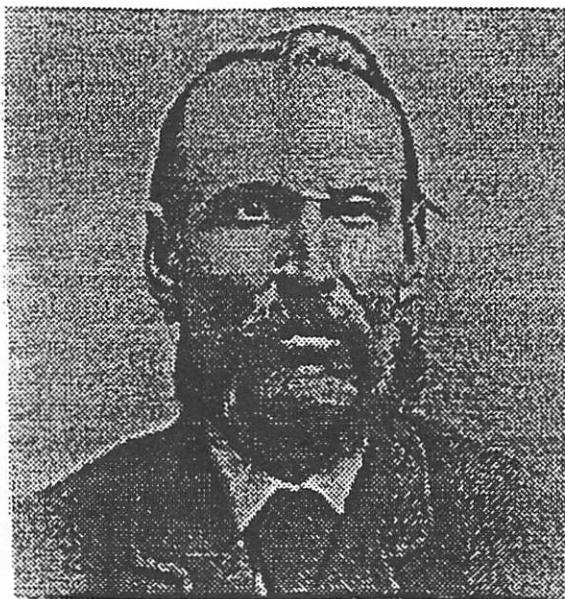
The following is an autobiography of George Washington Bean, brother of SARAH ANN BEAN. It was George who brought her and her baby across the plains while her husband, WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER, marched with the Mormon Battalion through the southwestern United States to encounter the Mexican army. The hostilities had ended by the time they arrived and they went on to San Diego and were disbanded. This is just a part of his autobiography but I included that which refers to George's parents, who are in our direct ancestry, James Bean and Elizabeth Lewis and other members of the family. He tells of their leaving Nauvoo, coming across the plains, settling here, Sarah Ann and William Wallace Casper in Millcreek and Sarah's parents and family, being called to settle Provo. They were among the first few. The book entitled "Autobiography of George Washington Bean" is on file at the LDS Church Historical Department.

Autobiography of GEORGE WASHINGTON BEAN

Ancestral Background

Before beginning the story of my eventful life, I must make it clear that it will be a candid narration of facts, without frills or furbelows, or boastfulness, given in humble gratitude for the preservation of my life on many occasions.

As the background to any picture adds value to the subject, so likewise does the home enhance the value of the individual; hence I can proudly say, "I was born of goodly parents." My father, JAMES BEAN, was a Kentuckian, born in Elkton, Christian County, March 3, 1801, the son of WILLIAM and ANNA BUCALEW BEAN. Mother's name was ELIZABETH LEWIS, daughter of JAMES and SARAH MCCOY LEWIS, born in Lincoln County, Missouri, September 22, 1803. (Geo. Washington Bean):



They were sheltered in Forts during the War of 1812 in the then frontier region of St. Charles County, Missouri. Their parents took an active part in defense of that section which was subjected to neighboring Indian tribes and war incursions.

My parents were married July 27, 1824, in Lincoln County, Missouri, and about two years or so thereafter, removed to Quincy, Adams Co., Illinois. Quincy was then a collection of ten or twelve log houses near the bank of the Mississippi river. The somewhat noted John Wood was the most celebrated "Nick of the Woods" and soon became quite wealthy selling homesites, or plantations,

to refugees. He was Mayor of Quincy and later Governor of Illinois, but he finally died a poor man in 1880.

My parents purchased "a right smart passel of land" twelve miles north of Quincy, which contained a woodland, nut grove, meadow and hayland, farmland and truck gardens. Some of our neighbors were builders, and they soon aided father in building tenant houses and barns, using timber from their own woodland. Service was paid for in products, grains, sheep and cattle.

There were seven children in our family, viz: WILLIAM, the eldest, was born in Lincoln County, Missouri, 29th of July, 1825, and died in Adams County, Illinois, February 17, 1842. NANCY was also born

in Lincoln County, Mo., December 14, 1826.

SARAH ANN was born October 31, 1828, in Adams County, Illinois. She is the sister who married WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER who joined the Mormon Battalion at Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1846, and whose wagon and two yoke of oxen I drove to bring her to the Rocky Mountains in 1847.

JAMES ADDISON, my younger brother, was born in Mendon, Adams County, Illinois, March 11, 1834. MARY ELIZABETH was also born in Mendon, May 17, 1837. CORNELIA was born in 1839, in Mendon and died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1846.

Early Life and Home Surroundings

I was born in Mendon, April 1, 1831.

My father had two brothers, WILLIAM and GARRETT, and a sister MARY we called Aunt Polly. They all removed from Missouri to Illinois, William later going to Council Bluffs, Iowa. It is fair to say these, my people, were strong, courageous characters, but not office-seeking politicians.

My early life was spent in keeping the buckets filled with fresh water from the spring for "Ma", seeing the cows and horses had hay in the mangers, and keeping the cedar wood in kitchen box and pine logs for fireplace, etc., for "Pa". We had our riding ponies, and Sunday buggy. We all learned to ride and drive horses, yes, and to shoot a gun for self protection if Negroes and their masters, Indians or undesirables might appear unannounced. I endured the jibes of "Pa's shadow" to glean information on the business of farming and cattle raising from his counseling with his men. I was all ears and eyes, and always have been when there is anything to learn. Our intelligent mother kept bad words washed from our tongues, and ended children's quarrels by finding jobs far apart. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," she would say. Our home was wholesome and had many conveniences, because father was a builder and cabinet-maker and leader in the community. We had indoor and outdoor entertainments. When I first beat father at the game of checkers, I think I grew a foot taller. My parents were strictly religious each being a member of a popular Church—father, a Methodist, and mother, a Presbyterian; consequently, their children had the privilege of association with the ministers of both denominations.

We became early impressed with religious influences, for our Sabbath school training was not neglected. The village of Mendon, two miles from our farm, was peopled with settlers of the old Puritan type from the New England States who were descendants of those who burned witches two hundred years before. We further found, by association with these people, that the real original abolitionist spirit prevailed with them, and that little Mendon, sometimes called Fairfield, was an underground station from the State of Missouri to Canada, and more than once in my boyhood days I obtained a glimpse of runaway negroes, peeping out from Deacon Stillman's barn, or neighbor Fowler's cellar. This was about 1840 to '44. Sometimes the owners of the runaway slaves would be in pursuit, and at one time a man named Lovejoy was killed by the exasperated Missourians, which circumstance created quite an excitement at the time and was used to some extent for political purposes afterward.

In the fall of 1839, the expulsion of "Mormons" from Missouri took place as per Governor L. W. Boggs' Exterminating Order. The city of Quincy and Adams County, generally, became the temporary lodging place for many of that persecuted people. Every sheltered nook and corner was filled with those homeless exiles. My father, having added to his land and improvements for some time, was possessed of several houses and cabins which were for a time filled with these people. I remember especially the families of Jonathan L. Harvey and Matthew Way, Alexander Williams, who lived on Uncle Esaias Edwards' farm and George W. Gee and his wife, who was a sister of Elias Smith, as well as a cousin to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Brother Gee taught school for our District, and I recollect the shock it fairly gave us when it leaked out that his wife was a cousin of "Jo Smith". What a risk of contamination we were in!

Teachers and Schools

In 1840 George Clyman taught our school. He was part Indian, yet a good teacher when sober. But always on Monday forenoons he was very cross and sometimes fairly brutal in his treatment of the children for the least offense, this being the effect of his drunken spree Saturday and Sunday. He

covenanted not to drink on five school days and kept it faithfully.

During Clyman's term of school the following circumstances occurred which very likely changed the current of our lives as a family. It was this: Alexander Williams, one of the Missouri exiles, although a man of some family, being very illiterate as to book knowledge, became possessed of a desire to learn reading, writing and grammar at our school; and thus in the classes became associated with us, the Bean children. He was very earnest and devoted to his lessons, but very awkward, having been brought up among the darkies of Tennessee. He was kind to all and, being possessed of a great deal of personal magnetism as well as with the spirit of the true gospel, he gently exercised the latter spirit in his associations with us, until we became his fast friends and we invited him to our house.

Conversion and Baptism of Parents and Family

My parents being very religious and our visitor more so, it was not long until comparisons began to be made. My mother being a good talker and quite a scriptorian, soon became very much surprised at the clearness of his views and explanations of the scriptures. This was followed by other visits and the Bible began to be understood by my parents in an entirely new light. Elder Williams obtained the privilege of preaching in our schoolhouse through the influence of father, as one of the trustees.

The result of it all was that in May, 1841, Elder Williams baptized father and mother and my sister, Nancy, into the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-day Saints, and also uncle Esaias Edwards and wife, Reuben Carter and wife, Joseph Kelly and wife, notwithstanding the determined opposition of the sectarian priests, especially Rev. Wm. H. Pyper, Methodist, and Rev. Stockton. The former minister challenged Elder Williams to a debate, thinking no doubt to demolish him with large words and learned sayings knowing that Elder Williams was uneducated. The battle came off at our house, the whole neighborhood being present. It resulted in a victory for truth, and on July 12, 1841, sister SARAH ANN and myself were baptized by Joseph Kelly.

The previous year was the great campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler" or in other words, Gn. Wm. H. Harrison was candidate for President. This first one in my memory is very vivid to this day. The great procession of people and flags and banners, log cabins on wheels, the raccoons and hard cider, paraded our country towns and cities. My father was a Whig, which was the successful ticket that time.

The people generally ignored the Gospel in its simplicity and plainness as given by Elder Williams, as only those four families were then converted, I believe.

Oh yes, my grandmother, Anna Bucalew (Bean) Edwards was also converted. She was born in Burke Co., N. C., 25th of Oct., 1784, and died in 1846 in Illinois. She married William Bean, my grandfather, in Kentucky, where father, Aunt Polly Crow and Uncle Garrett were born. They moved to Missouri in 1808, where grandfather died in Oct. 1809, just two months before Uncle William was born. I don't remember much about them only as my parents talked about them, except grandma, who married Andrew Edwards and had nine children. They came to Adams County, too, about 1826-7, and lived near us.

Religious Persecutions Drive Saints to Nauvoo

There was nothing unusual occurred with me during our stay in Adams County unless I mention that when ten years old I was noted for having a good memory and learning my lessons well at school. Being somewhat of a religious turn of mind, a champion speller, also good in arithmetic and grammar, I would often go five miles to spell down a whole school. I found by studying the root words that I could spell and define any words coming from that original word. My memory became strong by repeating to mother and schoolmates what I had learned or read. Frequently rehearsing the various subjects stored them in my mind. I began my reading habit at that age.

About this time the mob spirit prevailed to some extent and a new gathering place had been established about forty miles from where we resided, at a place called Commerce on the Mississippi River in Hancock County. The members of the Church were advised to gather there as fast as possible and assist in the building of the Temple which the Prophet Joseph had already commenced. Uncle Esaias Edwards sold out and moved to Nauvoo, also Joseph Kelly and Reuben Carter's families, leaving us in Adams County—not because we were not anxious to gather with the Saints, but for the reason that father's houses and farms were quite valuable and a purchaser could not readily be found. However, we

made a start for a home near Golden's Point, five miles below the fast growing City of the Saints, which was now called Nauvoo the Beautiful. Father and I labored there on the farm two or three months at different times, put up a log cabin on some land near the river and did some work on the Nauvoo Temple. Besides this we attended the conferences and celebrations on public days and were thus able to see the Prophet and learned to love him and leading members of the Church. Meanwhile we children had a chance to go to school of winters and were counted on by our teachers as being very apt to learn in the ordinary English branches being taught. Here, at the age of twelve years, I again took pleasure in spelling down the whole school, except my own brother and sisters. At the age of thirteen and a half years my school days closed forever.

By this time mob violence increased. Joseph Smith, our Prophet, and his brother, Patriarch Hyrum Smith, were martyred by a cold-blooded mob on June 27, 1844 at Carthage Jail, and other depredations were committed, which made it urgent that the Saints get to Nauvoo as soon as possible.

Father finally sold his property in Adams County, indirectly to Elder John Taylor, Joseph Cain being agent and the Ivens' interested some way.

Our former exile tenants had long since gathered in and about Nauvoo, and we had extended acquaintance over to Bear Creek Branch where Jefferson Hunt presided. The Caspers, Miles and others formed the branch for a time. We took our cattle, sheep and hogs and placed them on the range near our place five miles below Nauvoo, but our family moved right into the City, renting rooms of Chandler Holbrook on Mulholland Street, one mile east of the Temple. We then commenced to build a brick house two blocks south of the Temple, also opened a farm of 80 acres and 20 acres woodland, four miles northeast of the City on the old La Harpe road adjoining Elder John Taylor's farm. We ploughed the prairie and raised 20 acres of sod corn, besides building a small home. I was put on to the Temple work as much as possible, for the enemies were alert and determined to hinder the work. I got in about three months during the spring and summer, most of the time on the roof and tower handling timbers. Then the mobbings and burnings took place in September of this year (1845) down in Highland Branch and Green Plains, Lima and other places. Hundreds of houses were burned, stock driven off and crops destroyed. The Sheriff of Hancock County, Jacob B. Backenstos, called out many citizens as a posse to stop these depredations, but did not succeed until Captain Stephen A. Markham mustered one hundred and twenty men as a posse. I was one of that number and we rode almost night and day on horseback, with arms and full equipment for service, and soon scattered the wicked hosts of Satan, some fleeing into the State of Missouri before they felt safe.

This was my first real public service—at the age of fourteen and a half years; being large of stature and well equipped, I did my full share of duty for five days and nights. After this, I did perform guard duty at nights all winter about the streets of Nauvoo.

Family Sorrow in Adams County, Illinois

Some sorrow came into our family while in Adams County. My oldest brother, William, died the 17th of February, 1842, being afflicted with brain fever. About this time my oldest sister, Nancy, aged sixteen, was persuaded to marry Thomas J. Williams, a school teacher that boarded at our house. He seemed to resent her baptism and even scoffed at her religious fervor, and refused to go to Nauvoo with the Saints. A separation resulted and he was given custody of their little Elizabeth, who was taken to Warsaw, Illinois. Elizabeth married George Porter Walker, a wealthy man of Warsaw. They had two children, the regulation family in the world now. The Walkers were visited by Victor E. Bean, my son, on his return from a mission to Pennsylvania in 1886. Nancy later married a Mormon Battalion boy, Zachariah B. Decker and raised a fine family in Parowan, twelve children. She died in Parowan, Utah, Mar. 3, 1903.

My second sister, SARAH ANN, married WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER in Adams County, who had been baptized and came to Nauvoo with the family.

Saints Prepare to Go West

My soldier service in the Nauvoo Legion, or Col. Stephen Markham's posse, was an important chapter of my experiences. We virtually captured the towns of Warsaw and Carthage, aided by several hundred

infantry in wagons from Nauvoo. But few arrests were made, however, as the mobbers hid until they could cross the Mississippi River into Missouri.

In the Fall of 1845, owing to mob pressure, our Church authorities, with President Brigham Young at the head, were obliged to agree to move to the West next spring and give up our beautiful City with all its pleasant surroundings and take whatever we could get for our homes and hard-earned improvements and become exiles and wanderers in the great and unexplored West.

One of the first moves toward our departure was the organization of all the families into companies of fifty each with a Captain over all, and one over each ten. These details were made for suitable workers in the shops, and in all lines necessary to aid our successful and speedy removal. In the spring, those who had teams and wagons assisted the families to move into Nauvoo from outlying settlements. Corn, vegetables, products of all kinds necessary for the sustenance of man or beast were carefully gathered; while tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths and wagon makers were busy almost night and day.

My father belonged to Capt. Shadrack Roundy's Company, so I was detailed to go over into Iowa to Sugar Creek on the Half Breed tract, as it was called, there being no particular owner, to cut and prepare wagon timber of white oak and hickory that grew there in abundance. I had for companions George Mayers and Hy Woolsey, the latter about as worthless a customer as you could see. We worked a month and boarded at old father Kessman's and nearly starved, as no one knew how to cook. Besides, some of them were shaking with the ague every day, and young fellows do get hungry.

The timber we hauled nine miles to the River and boated it across. I also gathered corn on Miles Anderson's farm in Iowa and shipped the same by boat.

In November, 1845, I was recommended by the brethren and ordained a Seventy by Joseph Young and others and placed in the 30th Quorum. I was just fourteen years and seven months old, but I learned much during the winter by strictly attending my quorum meetings.

During this season I managed most of the family business as most of the folks were ill. Father Cahoon, on the north of us, was a good neighbor. Apostates and mobs still caused trouble for the Saints and there were urgent calls for means and men to complete the Nauvoo Temple, so the Saints could receive their desired blessings before they had to leave it.

Father contributed pretty liberally and I worked again about five months on the building, and early in January, 1846, Ephraim K. Hanks, William Cory and I worked in the outer court of the Temple running a windlass, drawing up the wood and water needed to carry on the endowments then being carried on, or administered in the upper story of the Temple. We worked there for about six weeks, and then we workers received our endowments, although I was not yet fifteen years of age. I had learned much during the winter in my association with good men—that sin and self opinions did not agree with God's laws. One case was the trial and expulsion of Hiram Stratton for adultery while in Missouri; and another case, Dr. Sanger, was tried and expelled for apostacy, for following James J. Strang; and before we got through with his case, our senior President, Gehial Savage manifested similar symptoms, so Brothers Cooley, Brown, McKenzie and Cain had to come forward and had the unpleasant task of dealing with him likewise. Thus it was with our 30th Quorum in those trying days of our expulsion from that lovely City and home and resting place for the Lord's persecuted children for only a few short years. But I have always felt that those trying scenes were of great benefit to those who sought to profit by them.

During my guard service that fall and winter on the streets of Nauvoo, I gained much experience with such fine men as Hosea Stout, Jesse B. Hunter, Elias Gardner, Jeremiah Willy, John Scott and others. I also took three degrees in Masonry at the Nauvoo Lodge, L. N. Scovil, G.M. (Grand Master) but always thought certain parties were more after the \$15 they squeezed out of my unwilling "Papa", than for any other cause, as I have found that the Masonic Order of today (1889) ignores good Mormons.

Exodus of Saints from Lovely Nauvoo Homes

As the twenty thousand latter-day Saints prepared to leave the State of Illinois, the shops and homes and foods and Temple were guarded. The Mississippi river was open to ferryboats early in February, 1846, so we helped the officials to safety into Iowa. About the 20th, father had me fitted up to proceed with the Camp of Israel in starting for the wilderness. After ferrying the Church leaders, their families and effects across that great river, we younger fry joined the ranks.

I had a good outfit as my father had not been long in Nauvoo, and considered better off than many. I

had provisions, tools, clothing and fine bedding, but the second night of my camping in Iowa, someone got away with one hundred and fifty pounds of bacon, two blankets and an ox. Someone in need; I guess. While the great plan of organization for moving west was made in Nauvoo, arranging for tens, fifties, and hundreds, each to be presided over by a captain, some adjustments had to be made later, as those following the authorities crossed the River as soon as each group arrived at the ferry.

Mississippi River Freezes

The first location of the Camp of those religious Exiles was made on Sugar Creek, about eight miles from Montrose, in Iowa. Additions were daily being made until several hundred families congregated in the woods, where fell, about the first of March, the heaviest snow of the winter. As a consequence of this, the Mississippi River was again closed with heavy ice, and hundreds of wagons crossed over it from the Illinois side into Iowa. Our Saints were busily engaged in piloting teams across the precarious ice for eight days, until the final breakup took place. Some said the ice was four feet thick.

Hundreds of people and their animals were quickly rescued from mobs. As the ice broke into large chunks, some animals had a terrible time to get to shore, up and down the river. One white horse was frantic in trying to stand on his ice boat, until men on shore called to him as he came near shore and a roper pulled him onto the bank. This closing of the river in March was considered an anomaly in the local history of the River, and was viewed by the Saints as a special interposition of Providence in their be-half, in leaving comfortable homes during inclement weather, to find a place of safety in western deserts. One foot of snow covered the ground. The cold was intense. The roads were impassable for weeks. We pioneers worked for farmers to obtain forage for teams and food for the "Big Camp" which included the Church authorities.

We made rails, fences, barns, houses, husked corn, etc. and took fodder, hay, corn or vegetables—anything that would be used—for pay. I will here say that my years' outfit of provisions was all gone 'ere this, some stolen at the river and the rest used in general needs. Some of these days were about as sorry times as I ever experienced. My good old Capt. Houghton of our Ten had backed out and gone home weeks before and we were joined by James W. Cummings' Ten which made too many.

Brigham Young Leads Camp of Israel

Well, the Camps moved on, crossing the Des Moines River at Bonaparte, and shortly after laid by at Richardson's Point where it rained incessantly for two weeks—much suffering prevailed. A great deal of grumbling, and in some cases almost open rebellion, was indulged in. Many of us were obliged to lie on the ground and would get soaking wet almost every night.

The Pioneers' Camp got short of rations, and supplies were not in reach. Roads were virtually impassable for some time and much insubordination manifested itself, as a considerable number of our pioneers were pretty rough river hands and lumbermen, not used to being controlled by anyone. After some stormy rough talk, the Tens of Capt. Houghton and Capt. Cummings were disbanded and allowed to return to Nauvoo or otherwise as they saw fit. Myself, Jo Bates, Hy Fellows, and Ed. Peck returned, making the trip by walking in one and a half days, that took us six weeks to travel—between sixty and seventy miles. We had ten cents for expenses and got about two meals in that time. Got a fillup of corn pone and boiled pork of Brother John Wheeler of Nashville. He had been to Farmington to mill. On arriving at the Mississippi River, we found an old skiff, caulked the biggest holes with some of our clothes, then had to work for our lives all the way across by bailing out water with our hats. However, we made it safely, for which we were duly thankful. I arrived home just at the right time, as father had more than he could do. He was preparing to go west as soon as grass started.

Thus ended my first career as a pioneer, and the remainder of the Tens identified themselves with the Main Camp, many having relatives there—a few left the Church, some went back. Here is a partial list of them: Pete Mungar, Thomas Mungar, Seth Palmer, Thomas R. Burns, Price Nelson, Morgan Thomas, Andrew Fawkes, William W. Rust, Josiah P. Martin, John Martin—our two Captains, and we four who returned. I will say that sometimes we were reduced to only bread made of parched corn meal, which, when somewhat old is about as nourishing as so much sawdust or bran, and some of us got pretty lean.

Physical Test Proves Blessing

I had not been home many days until I began to feel my importance. A little unpleasantness arose between me and father, and I left home and went across the River April 1st, my fifteenth birthday, and got a job unloading a steamboat at Montrose, onto "lighters" (tow boats) in order to get cargoes over the rapids between here and Keokuk. I received fifty cents per hour and did my part right alongside of big Irishmen twice as old as myself. I carried four bushels of wheat at a load and would take a "pig" of lead ore in each hand. Two men would load my wheat sacks while I was bent over to get it. I made a few dollars this way and got more money than I ever had before and got over my pet and returned home and took hold of duty as well as ever.

Before this my sister, SARAH ANN had married WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER and they joined in preparations for the move. We fitted up with three wagons and ox teams, two or three horses, several cows, and a flock of sheep. We had parched a lot of corn and boxed it up together with our flour, in well-made pine boxes about four feet long and twelve to fourteen inches wide and deep. This we did as sacks were not plentiful, and besides they would easily wear out and we were fitting up for years of sojourn in the Mountains before a time of replenishing might come to us.

The only comfort we had in leaving our newly built home in Nauvoo, and our farms and cattle, was, that Joseph, our Prophet, saw in vision our homes in the Mountains a year or so before he was martyred. He knew another Prophet would be raised up to lead us there. We had faith that his prophecy would come true, and we faced the West unafraid. Always remember, Prophets of the Lord see and reveal things, and poets imagine and picture them when inspired.

May 1, 1846, as we crossed the great Father of Waters, the Mississippi river, on our westward journey, I had a chance to show the kind of extraordinary service their fifteen year old strippling did--two men placing two-bushels of wheat on a stooping man's shoulders, as he grips the lead ore in his hands--a terrible load I tell you.

Our Journey to Council Bluffs

We were quite discouraged not having realized anything from our companies' winter of preparation and but little from our real property. The great body of the Saints was on the move by this time, while the first company had located a farm at Garden Grove on the Chariton River. We moved on slowly yet we overtook the Big Camp on Grand River, where we stopped and commenced breaking prairie land and putting in sod corn. A call was here made by President Young for assistance to send the Twelve Apostles and others right on to the Rocky Mountains or beyond, as speedily as possible, while others could remain behind and raise a crop. This place, Mt. Pisgah, was organized with William Huntington as President. My father turned two yoke of oxen to assist Dr. Willard Richards and took an order on the Temple Committee of Nauvoo for two yoke to replace them. As we were not doing much and not liking our Pisgah location, it was made up that I and my brother-in-law, WILLIAM W. CASPER, should take the order and go back to Nauvoo for the cattle.

June 1st, we started on foot for a tramp of two hundred miles and made it in five and a half days. We met about nine hundred wagons moving west and had a good time on the trip, answered hundreds of questions and ate five or six times a day, always meeting friends in every company. We reached Nauvoo in the very niche of time, for the committee was just receiving some stock on the sale of Dr. Richards' property and they promptly turned over four head of cattle on the order. Bros. A. W. Babbitt, Joseph L. Haywood and David Fullmer were the Committee. It seemed like a providential occurrence and served to strengthen our faith. CASPER took the cattle and started back in a few days towards Pisgah, then on to Council Bluffs where the family located, and on the 16th of July, he enlisted in the Mormon Battalion.

Family and Personal Experiences

I went down to Adams County near my old home and hired out at \$12 per month to old James Hull, then to his son-in-law John Kramer, and Josiah Coleman. When I went to the Riddle boys, I took chills and fever, so did not stay long but started out to visit relatives. I had saved about \$30.00 besides getting a good suit of clothes. I went to Quincy and Payson to see mother's folks, the Lewises. Then I went up to Northern Missouri to see mother's other brothers and sisters: John, James, Lemuel, Zachariah, Sarah

Lewis Carter, and Isophenia Lewis Crook. I spent October up on the Fabius and Wyaconda Rivers in Northern Scotland County, Missouri. Her brother, John, had me with him for two or three weeks, visiting, shooting squirrels, gathering nuts, etc. I then started across the country on foot for Nauvoo, traveled through a thinly settled country, crossed the Fabius and Wyaconda rivers to Sugar Creek and Montrose, Iowa. On arriving there I learned the particulars of the battle of Nauvoo between the mobbers and the few Mormon citizens remaining there not able to move with the main body of the Saints. I went out into the hollow north of Montrose where those wretched poor, sickly and helpless people had been dumped without shelter or food, and here I saw the evidences of the recent Providential visitation of quails right into the Camp of those hundreds of weak, hungry exiles, which circumstance was to me as plain an interposition of our Heavenly Father in behalf of his afflicted children as the similar occurrence was in olden times in the wilderness of Zion.

Here I engaged to come across to Council Bluffs, with Col. Johnson from Texas, a good Church member, who had arrived too late for the general move. I found that he had six or seven wagons loaded, very poor teams, no good teamsters, and it was now the latter days of November, I felt sure he would never get across those bleak prairies of Western Iowa at this late season and gave up troubling him. I went over into Nauvoo and met with an old neighbor, Stephen H. Goddard, who was just pulling out for the West with one yoke of oxen and wagon, wife and two daughters. My knowledge of the route and being a good teamster was a great help to our progress and we reached the Missouri Bottom on December 1st. Brother Goddard was chorister at Nauvoo.

My parents were found located in what was called Miller's Hollow, one and one-half miles above Kanesville, but later called Council Bluffs.

Brother Goddard went on to Winter Quarters on the west bank of the Missouri River, afterwards called Florence.

I found my folks in a very unsatisfactory condition. Father was off in Missouri, one hundred miles away seeking for bread and other provisions. Mother was sick. CASPER had gone with the Mormon Battalion, his wife and child were sick, my brother James A., and sister, Mary Elizabeth, age ten years, were sick in bed, and my youngest sister had died two months before, aged seven years. Her name was Cornelia. Nancy, the eldest, was the only one well enough to wait upon them. To make matters worse, they had nothing whatever for sick people to eat or for medicine.

Dozens of neighbors had died with scurvy and blackleg because of no vegetables or decent food, and the sight of my loved ones being in this condition with nothing but corn, pounded in a mortar, for food, and no one strong enough to pound it, was pitiful. I was strong and fat and had some little cash left, so I swung the pestle in the mortar to good advantage for immediate needs and next day went on horseback to Sarpee Trading Post, ten miles away, where I got some white flour, dried fruit, sugar, tea, rice, etc., things that the half starved people could use. Father had been obliged to sell his sheep, though most of them were lost during sickness—no one to care for them. He also sold the mare, last of our horses, also the feather beds, plows, etc., for food, medicine, etc.

How happy I was to get home in time to save my family from almost certain death. They picked up quite rapidly. Father returned from Missouri in a few days and brought plenty of flour and pork to satisfy the cravings of the household which by this time were all getting appetites. Health, peace and plenty was our portion again, it seemed imminent, for which we gave thanks.

Father and I took another journey to Missouri before Christmas—went as far as St. Joe to work awhile. We made fences, rails, hauled logs, etc. We did pretty well and returned with a load for two yoke of oxen, of pork, flour, meal and corn. We had parts of three families in our cabin, SARAH ANN and babe, Nancy and babe, besides father, mother, Jim, Mary and myself to feed.

Upon our return to the "Bluffs", we cleared off ten acres of timberland, made rails and fenced it, and put in corn.

Final Start to the Rocky Mountains

SARAH ANN's husband, WILLIAM W. CASPER, who shouldered his musket in the Mormon Battalion, was sending his soldier money to his family, like the other men did, and this aided us materially in preparing to go west.

It was decided that I get ready to take Sarah Ann to the Mountains in the first emigration company, so her husband would not have to return to the Bluffs to get his family, as the Battalion marched to California and might meet them in the new Pioneer Camp in the Rocky Mountains. The members of the family by this time were about well and aided in getting supplies together to last one and a half years.

Mother worked cheerfully, apparently, but I knew her dear heart was sad at the thought of another parting.

According to plans, on June 13, 1847, I took two yoke of oxen-and CASPER'S wagon, his cow, bedding, provisions for over a year in a desert home, placed sister, SARAH and babe on the spring seat of the wagon, with a faith that the goodbyes were but for a year when all would be together again.

We reached Elkhorn eighteen miles west of Winter Quarters as the Companies were being formed. It was our good fortune to fall in with Captain Jedediah M. Grant's One hundred, Captain Willard Snow's Fifty, and Father John Vance's Company of Ten. The other Captains of Tens in our Fifty were:

Thomas J. Thurston was Captain of 2nd Ten, Jacob Gates was Captain of 3rd Ten, Isaac Grundy was Captain of 4th Ten, John B. Fairbanks was Captain of 5th Ten.

Thus was I, a lad of sixteen, launched forth on a journey of one thousand miles in charge of a team of four oxen and a family, sensing in part the responsibility, yet full of hope and plans for the future that daily lighted up my pathway.

We crossed the loop Fork by fording, at the Pawnee Farm and Reserve, where we saw many Indians all engaged at the time in peaceful pursuits.

There were five or six companies of Saints emigrating this season, and shortly after starting, the rule was made that each 100 wagons should have their day to lead each week. Parley P. Pratt, John Taylor, Charles C. Rich, Jedediah M. Grant and others led the respective companies.

When we reached the forks of the Platte River, a stampede occurred in Capt. Grant's Company in which we suffered a loss of 46 head of cattle besides much valuable time. It happened in this wise. The train of 100 wagons was encamped in form quite like a horseshoe with the cattle inside they always being corralled at dark, Brother Rashington Cook and a boy, Amenzo Baker, on guard, sitting at the opening. Some of the cattle moved to go out, and the boy, having a sheep-skin over his shoulders, shook the skin to scare the animals back. It rattled all right. In an instant, with one snort, the whole herd was on the full run through the lines. One wagon was overturned at the upper end of the corral, which at this time was inadvertently closed and Capt. Willard Snow's wagon was smashed to pieces and seven ox horns lying in the broken wheels. Robert Pierce's wagon with three thousand pounds on, was carried about four rods to one side. Hearing the uproar, I sprang out and took after the herd, bareheaded and barefooted, overtook and got ahead of the cattle first of all the men, though some were on horseback. We surrounded and got all back as we supposed, into the corral again, and I brought my four oxen right up to my wagon and quieted them down. In less than an hour there was another break in the other direction. I spoke to my cattle and they all crowded close to the wagon trembling all over with fear. This time the cattle went many miles and some not recovered for two or three days, and forty six head lost entirely. One however, belonging to Bro. T. J. Thurston, reached Winter Quarters, 230 miles away, and was brought on next year. We were in the midst of thousands of buffaloes which would soon absorb the cattle in their herd.

This circumstance caused a delay of about a week. All of the companies stopped to do what they could, and finally a loan of cattle was collected for the suffering company and all moved on again. It was afterwards found safer to watch the cattle on the open prairie.

Shortly after this we met Capt. J. C. Fremont, under arrest for conspiracy against the Government in California, returning to the States. We also met Commodore Stockton of U. S. Navy, and General Kearney and Col. Peter St. George Cooke of Mormon Battalion boys, all returning to the States. Some of our boys were with the General.

When we neared Laramie we fell in with a great many Sioux Indians who were very friendly, ready to trade or beg as they could find customers.

Our journey through the Black Hills was slow and tedious, the stronger companies going on ahead and we who lost cattle found the roads more sandy and the feed scarce.

My Court Martial

It was near Ft. Laramie where I first was required to appear before my Superiors for assault and battery on the person of Gabe Mayberry. Court was called on Sunday afternoon, Capt. Willard Snow presiding. There was an improvised courtroom in the great outdoors of the Black Hills beneath a Sunday sun, furnished with spring seats from the wagons for special officials, the wagon tongue for commoners, and an uncomfortable log, selfchosen by the "defendant." This was chosen for convenience, so if things became too precarious, I might slide out of the picture. The Indian camp was not far away, and the Sioux were friendly. As the accusations of insubordination mounted against me, I never felt more alone. I wondered if God was near enough to hear my silent prayer. My sister Sarah Ann was not permitted to be present because it was a military affair--a court--she could not testify for me, but paced nervously about our wagon with her babe in arms. I knew she would hope and pray for me, and when I came back to announce my honorable release, she threw her arms about me and really drenched me with tears of joy and gratitude.

The night before my combat with Gabe, our captain decided to correct the slowness of certain ones who kept the rest of us waiting so often, by saying that the first one in line the next morning could lead our company. This sixteen year old boy was up and ready and in place in head of lazy Gabe. My conscience was clear as I won my place, but it angered him and he began to reek vengeance upon my oxen. I leaped to the rescue of my faithful friends, and fairly shouted: "You can beat me if you like, but not my oxen. He lashed away at them again and I cracked him over the head with the butt of my ox whip. Well, you know the rest. I was worried for days about the court martial, but my prayers were answered.

Now back to my story.

The Captains of Tens in our Fifty sat as Judges. Providentially for me, Brother Jedediah M. Grant (Capt. of 100) and Uncle John Young, Patriarch, were present. Gabe was a great big ungainly fellow ten years older than I and had not washed his face for some days in order that certain bloodstains might show to advantage. The evidence showed that he drove up on off side and ordered me out of the road. I did not obey and he commenced beating my lead cattle. I warned him to stop but he never heeded the warning but stepped into the road ahead of my team. I then rushed up and struck him over the head with the butt of my ox whip, cutting a gash and causing the blood to flow. I then got down, rolled him in the dust until we were separated by some of the witnesses. He threatened court martial, and I got it. After the evidence was in, Capt. Snow began to sum up the matter in a style that did not suit me at all, and I began to fear that something severe and serious was about to be executed, referring to a punishment of tying a rebellious fellow behind a wagon for three days, in one of the neighboring companies a few days before, and that refractory elements should be nipped in the bud, etc.

I began to plan for an escape to the Indians and felt that I would never submit to such indignity. No one seemed to look at the matter favorably for me and the judgment was about to be pronounced and the trying moment had arrived, when I was to be condemned for the defense of my team from a great bullying ignoramus. Just at this crisis, up rose Brother Jedediah M. Grant who asked permission to say a few words. It was granted, and he commenced by saying that he had been a listener to these proceedings and differed from those who were passing judgment on this case--that our teams were our salvation on this journey. He felt to honor the lad who would fight in defense of his team if need be, and that a man should be punished for laziness, if possible, instead of putting a premium on it.

When Brother Grant began to talk, my spirit began to revive and by the time he got through I felt that I was about a foot higher than just before.

Uncle John Young also spoke in the same strain and oh, how thankful and grateful I did feel. Here was I, a lone boy of sixteen, far away from parents and kindred, brought to trial for an act that was just as natural for a boy of spirit as it was to breathe, and just at the time that all hope was lost, to get relief from the highest authority at that time, well, suffice it to say, that the judgment was not rendered, and I walked forth a free lad, and my good old Capt. Vance never afterwards required me to travel behind Gabe Mayberry. I can truly say from that day forward I never found the person who stood higher in my estimation for good, pure, unalloyed principle and righteous judgment than Pres. Jedediah M. Grant, as

also Uncle John Young, and many is the time thereafter that I would fly to aid the old gentleman in yoking his cattle, greasing his wagon, etc.

Arrival in Salt Lake Valley

We lost a good many work cattle by Alkali about Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater River, and finally near the head of that stream, we met President Brigham Young and party of Pioneers returning to Missouri River, going back for their families and Saints. This was about the middle of September, and that same night that he camped with us on Strawberry Creek, a branch of the Sweetwater, a band of rascally Crow Indians stole 21 head of horses and mules, mostly from the Pioneer party. I believe some were afterwards recovered at Laramie.

Our Company struggled on through many trials and we reached Salt Lake Valley October 4, 1847. Most of the other companies entered first.

Sister SARAH ANN and myself were received with great good will by Capt. Jefferson Hunt's family who arrived from Pueblo about the time the Pioneers located the Old Fort. They allowed us a small building spot adjoining their domicile in the southeast corner of the Old Fort and showed me how to make adobes of the old Mexican style 18x9by4 inches, mud mixed up by oxen, after cutting and mixing in some grass, similar no doubt to the manner of the Israelites in Egypt, three or four thousand years ago. I soon managed to get some poles and ridgepoles for covering and got into our cabin in about two weeks. It was just about this time that my sister's husband (Capt. WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER) arrived from California by the Northern route, via Ft. Hall, and a pleasant meeting it was for us all.

Many of the Battalion boys had to go clear back to Council Bluffs, Iowa, to meet their families, suffering terrible hardships on the way.

Casper's traveling comrade, Ephraim K. Hanks, located with us for the most of the winter and we had to scheme very close for provisions, as it was one thousand miles to any base of supplies. Many of the Battalion boys getting in late were obliged to remain all winter. These were times that tried men's souls, and women's, too.

Various were the plans devised by the Authorities to carry all through safely, with none starving; but some were too selfish to give of their plenty and surplus to the needy, but for lack of faith they left for California early in the Spring.

One good old lady prominent in the community prayed in the sister's meeting for the Lord to bless the poor soldier boys and open the way for them to find thistle and sego roots to sustain themselves. At that same time she had three barrels of flour buried in her dooryard, two of which spoiled that Spring. Many pioneers had to dig roots to mix with their meal and flour and thus extend their sustenance; but in all these close times, the faithful ones enjoyed themselves in meetings and dances, although on short rations.

Cricket Plague a Test of Faith

The first day of this year, 1848, was properly observed by Casper and myself by breaking up and sowing one acre of land with three pecks of wheat. The ground was a little frosty but we got the grain in and it yielded about fifteen bushels the next year. When Spring came we moved out to Mill Creek on the bench, southeast of the Fort and there put in several acres of corn, about eleven acres.

This Spring it took Casper and myself two months to put up a shanty and do the planting and clearing, and during this time our living was very scanty. Our cow gave milk and we had a very little flour, so we had thickened milk, or "lumpy dick" some called it, three times per day for many weeks, which was very light food for men plowing, grubbing and such work. We had an ox team and it was a comfort to hold the plow and lean pretty heavy on the handles. We took turns in driving and in holding the plow for that reason.

When the crops came up and gave hope of foodstuff and grain, it was not lasting, for hoards of great black crickets came marching down the hillsides, and the way our corn disappeared was a caution. We fought them pretty well for some days by plowing deep furrows all around and filling them with water, but they soon got smart enough to drop in and paddle around and across to the other side. We drove them

into brush fires, we flailed them, but they seemed to increase. A "fast day" of prayer and supplication was held by the Saints.

When they went to the fields and the sun became darkened, a combination of faith and fear came over them, until the Sea Gulls alighted in the fields, and the way these little birds worked for our Salvation was pleasing to see. They were about the size of tame pigeons and they would come by thousands and gobble up those great fat crickets that were as large as a man's thumb, until they would get about a pint, seemingly, then they would adjourn to the water ditch, take a drink and throw up all their cricket-rest themselves a little, then back to slaying the black "monsters" again. They continued this and the crickets were destroyed, and most of some crops. Some planted seeds again.

Volunteers Go To Meet Oncoming Saints

Shortly after this, a call was made for men and teams to go back East to meet President Young and the emigrating Saints. I volunteered and took charge of four yoke of cattle and a wagon, and started May 23, (1848). It was father Haight's wagon. We crossed the Big Mountain over snow ten and twelve feet deep, swam several crossings of East Canyon Creek, rafted over Weber River, doubled team in crossing Bear River, swam Black Fork, and rafted across Hain's Fork and Green River-which took us three days at the latter stream.

I had left Salt Lake Valley with only twenty pounds of ground wheat and a few pounds of pork and beef. We were four weeks getting to the head of Sweetwater River and my provisions were gone. Here we met a lot of Snake Indians who had dried buffalo meat. I traded my butcher knife for a large bunch of it, in layers of fat and lean. This carried me to Platte River (North branch) where there were many Oregon Emigrants waiting to be ferried across the booming river. I took an active part in getting their stock across and received about a bushel of cornmeal for it, which served me for the remainder of the trip.

There were twenty wagons in our company under direction of Capt. Shadrack Roundy. Fortunately, my rifle brought some meat, an antelope, sage hens, rabbits, and when we met the Oregon emigrants, I invested my last fifty cents given me a year before by my mother who told me to keep it until a time of need. For this I got about a half bushel of cornmeal which made me happy for awhile--plenty of corn cake and buffalo meat.

At North Platte, we found some of our folks ferrying Oregon Emigrants across the River on the Pioneer ferryboat of the year before. I herded cows and got some milk and bacon and lived fat while there for five days.

We could hear nothing of our Emigration company, as there was no mail route those days. We started down by Laramie and kept on until at last we met the first company, that of Lorenzo Snow, fifteen miles below Chimney Rock--seven weeks from the Valley. Our food was entirely gone except a little dirty, gritty buffalo meat that had been dried in our wagon while traveling-not very palatable. Well, when we met this Company we expected to all be invited to eat and be merry and most of them were, except five or six of us boys, rusty looking of course, but powerful hungry-my stomach was rubbing on my backbone and my feet were heavy as lead. I passed up one side and down the other of those hundred wagons as they were in Camp Circle form and found only two men that I ever knew, Joseph Johnson and Jacob Workman, and they never offered me anything to eat, but I learned that my father and mother and all the family were in the next company behind, so about sundown, six of us boys started to find a more congenial company.

Surprise Meeting With Parents Near Platte River

A large sand ridge intervened and some of us being almost famished, had to move slowly, resting often, and finally near twelve o'clock we came upon Capt. William Perkins Camp where a dance was going on right on the green sod. Brother William H. Daine was on guard and he escorted me to my father's wagons where all were in bed, and it was some time before my weak famished voice could be heard by the sleepers. They were all surprised, not hearing from or expecting me. I soon had some nourishment and happy times followed. Father and all asked questions faster than I could answer them, while mother's joyful tears bathed my hands as she held me so close to her.

I distributed my teams and outfit as per order, and had plenty of leisure on the rest of the journey. My

acquaintance of the route was a great benefit to the company, and me being an extra hand, I did many times supply the Camp with buffalo and other meat.

A general Counsel was given that the large Companies might divide up into twenties, or tens, so that they could travel through the Black Hills with more comfort and find better room for camping. At this time, I urged our Captain of Ten, Capt. Daniel Miller, to start early of mornings and get as far to the head of the Emigration as possible, as we would find better feed, roads and more game. Capt. Miller had 22 (twenty two) wagons in his Ten and a lot of resolute men and we were soon almost in the lead of all. The names of the families in this Ten are as follows:

1. Daniel Miller and family.
2. James Kimball and family and old gentleman.
3. Benjamin F. Pendleton and family.
4. Newel Drake and family and his father.
5. James Bean and family and daughter Nancy and child.
6. William H. Dame and family.
7. Janvrin Dame and family.
8. William Payne and family.
9. Peter Ranck and family.

Besides William Bird, Jack Pendleton, and maybe more. We moved on very successfully, had good roads, generally hard roads and plenty of game. There were five families of wagons who crowded us pretty close all the way, viz: Duff Porter, Seth Dodge, and some of the Mikesells.

After crossing Weber River and going into Camp one evening in the early days of September, 1848, a messenger came into Camp with instructions for all the Companies to stop at Weber until President Young came up. This we could not very well fulfill for we were already past the stopping place and did not wish to turn back and wait several weeks.

After much consultation together and with Bro. John C. Armstrong, the messenger, we decided to go on the remaining thirty-five miles and get to work preparing for the winter and, as far as I ever learned, it was all right with the Authorities. We arrived in the Valley, September 4, 1848.

Accompany Parents Back Into the Valley

At the top of Big Mountain, our company paused to look out to see the Great Salt Lake Valley, but that Great Salt Sea of America was all that was discernable. The road was quite easy over little Mountain and the tracks were easily followed. We paused again at the mouth of Emigration canyon to locate that lone Cedar Tree, the Pioneer's guide post that led them to the Fort about a mile farther west. It seemed hundreds of pioneer friends surrounded our wagons to greet our company. I suppose all newcomers were similarly welcomed, and the people hunted through every company for relatives.

Of course, mother was seeking her daughter out of the crowd. I found my sister, SARAH ANN BEAN CASPER and babe that came with me, and brought them to mother's wagon, and oh, the tears of joy that were shed in that loved embrace. Of course, I sniffed a bit myself on the sly when father came along, slapped me on the shoulder with this remark "Well, what is our sixteen year old man going to do with us now?" I explained that we had located a farm on Mill Creek and had planted corn and garden before I left with the volunteers to go back to meet the Saints and help them over the mountains. Mother thought it a long six miles to Casper's farm, but there she could rest.

We located near a spring by the side of the road between Millcreek and Big Cottonwood. Father, James A., and myself got busy in the canyon and soon got out a lot of logs. Gardners had a sawmill in operation near by, so we soon had a shelter for the family and removed from the shanty leanto we had built onto Casper's house.

We found that Casper had raised about 35 bushels of buckwheat from seed he got from Capt. Davis of the Mormon Battalion, 2nd enlistment, who had brought a little from California. He also had an acre or two of corn saved from the crickets' onslaught in the spring, so we put up a wooden roller cane-mill and made a lot of molasses from cornstalks, and this, with the buckwheat cakes and fat beef; carried us through the winter very well. Our beef was the old cattle I brought on my first trip across the plains.

During the winter I attended my Priesthood Quorum meetings in town. Brother Aria C. Brower generally presided, although at the time John W. Cooley was Senior President of the 30th Quorum of

Seventies. We met at Hennefer's barber shop, Thomas McKenzie presiding at times, as their presidency apostatized in Nauvoo.

Encounter With Evil Spirits

I must not neglect telling you of an occurrence that took place in the Fort that first winter of 1847-8. I got an experience in dealing with the powers of Satan which made a lasting impression on my mind. The main particulars are as follows: Thomas S. Williams, an energetic son of Alexander Williams, before referred to, was absent on a trip to Fort Hall, a trading Post of the Hudson Bay Fur Co., located on the Portneuf River, a branch of the Snake River, which is a branch of the great Columbia, and about two hundred and fifty miles from Salt Lake City, to obtain supplies of groceries and such merchandise as the Post afforded. His wife Albina, a nervous woman, lived in the Old Fort near us, and her sister, Lodema, was staying with her. The last named had been married to Clark Stillman and started in the Mormon Battalion as well as did her sister and Williams. They turned off and wintered at Pueblo. This young lady, being of a very affectionate disposition, became rather too obliging to sundry of the boys and the consequence was, a separation from her husband took place some months before.

Now at this time a group of sisters were holding meetings of evenings and a spirit of unity and progress seemed to prevail. One night this young woman, having been to meeting, was struck with a fit on her return and fell right in the doorway of her sister's home. Being taken up and placed on the bed, it was soon discovered that she was possessed of an evil spirit, and a good talker at that. The neighbors were roused, it being about eleven P.M. The Elders were called in and the administration ordinance followed, but for a long time without success. The Evil Spirit boasted, bragged, and laughed scornfully for hours, making use of the young woman's mouth. Told many great lies about President Young being in the hands of the Missourians and that he would never reach these valleys again: that the people here would all starve or leave this country. He bemeaned the people greatly for eating thistle roots and segoes and said that after a while they would have to eat crickets like the wild Indians hereabouts. Among the other lies he told the young woman's sister, Albina, that she would never see her husband Thomas Williams again, for the Indians had killed him on his Ft. Hall trip. These stories together with the powerful evil influence in the room caused great confusion and the knees of many trembled; so they were obliged to leave the house. Those who remained lifted up their hearts in prayer every moment as the only means of keeping the evil spirit off themselves.

One young man, Marshal Hunt by name, was obliged to go into his mother's house nearby and get down on his knees and go to praying for the first time in his life. Finally after much praying and many had been called in, including Brothers Jedediah M. Grant, Uncle John Young, Levi W. Hancock, the powers of the Evil one began to give way; and then how Satan did plead for Lodema to go with him. He told her he had been watching her for some time intending to call for her and related instances of her life and actions that could readily be remembered by her parents and friends. He promised to make her his Queen, and used as fine powers of persuasion as was ever listened to. He finally gave up and left her perfectly exhausted. She had been, from time to time, making great bodily exertions and pulling out her hair, endeavoring to choke herself. It took two strong men to hold her hands for four hours at a time, struggling with the Evil One to save her life. Whenever her tongue got between her teeth, her jaws would clap together, nearly taking her tongue off. This created quite a sensation in our little settlement and was a great lesson to myself and many others, for it was me and Ephraim K. Hanks who held her hands and assisted through her trouble.

Now for the sequel to this affair. The next evening, a young woman named Phoebe came to stay with Lodema, who was anything but well of the attack. They were just retiring at night when Phoebe said to Lodema, "What a fool you were to let the Devil get the best of you last night. Why, everybody is talking about you." Just then Satan seized Phoebe and her case soon became much worse than the other, and people did not have so much sympathy, so the consequence was that she never fully got clear of evil influences. She got well enough to marry Ben Brokenbury and lived several years, but life was never just happy.

This severe experience gave me a stronger testimony and knowledge of the power of the Priesthood of God, and prayers in battling Satan. While I was not yet seven-teen, I held the office of a Seventy in the Melchizedek Priesthood and could join my prayers with my brethren, which gave me joy.

1849

Called to Settle Provo and to Build Fort Utah

In the early spring of this year, 1849, a call was made for a colony of settlers to locate at Provo, about forty-six miles south of Great Salt Lake City. This was the land of the powerful Tribe of the Timpanodes Indians, and the chief rendezvous for fishing purposes for all the Utah Indians within 150 miles, but they were very friendly to us.

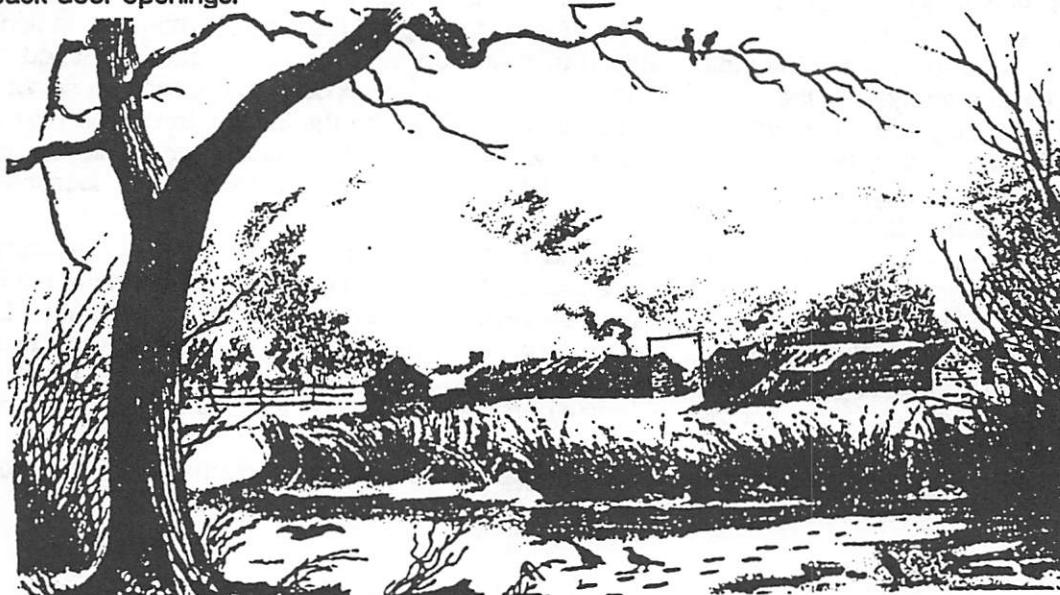
There were thirty men in our party, but no families were in the group. John S. and Isaac Higbee, Alexander Williams and Dimick B. Huntington were the leaders. On March 31st we camped ten miles north of the River Ford. My father, my brother James and I were part of the company, some of us on horseback.

On April 1st, my eighteenth birthday, we moved on to within about 2 1/2 miles of Timpanogos River (Provo R-) when we were met by a young Indian Brave on horseback dashing toward us as fast as he could ride, throwing his arms and performing all sorts of wild gesticulations. When he got within about six rods of our head team, he jumped off his horse, threw his buffalo robe across our path and warned us not to pass that designated point. The Indians had got some idea of our intention to make a settlement at the Timpanogos River and this young Brave named Ang-a-Te Wats volunteered to stop us until an understanding could be arrived at. Dimick Huntington, our Interpreter, told over all our good desires and intentions and that President Young, the Great Mormon Chief had sent us, and that we would like to be "Too-ege-tik-a-boo"—good friends with the natives and do them much good if allowed to settle with them.

The little Brave dashed off to report to the tribe, and we slowly moved on. Presently, a large party met us with the War Chief at their head and we all stopped and talked the matter over again. The party seemed satisfied and we moved on and were allowed to camp on the north side of the river. Many had sucker fish for dinner, but father and I had a fat stewed crane I killed with his rifle during the day, which was one particular event of my 18th birthday.

Built Fort Utah

After looking over the country a day or two we decided to locate on the south side of the River, about twenty rods from the old fort. We forthwith moved into lines of Fort form-about ten by twenty rods and enclosing a small mound near the center, whereon was afterwards erected a bastion thirty feet square, on strong posts ten or twelve feet high. Timbers were laid on top and a thick covering of dirt and log rails around the edge. A six pounder cannon was afterwards mounted on top to guard against Indian troubles from a distance. Most of the houses were built of cottonwood logs in a parallelogram form in continuous lines, except where a vacancy occurred, and that space was filled in with pickets twelve feet long, set in the ground close together for protection in case of an attack by Indians. We had a general stock corral on the east side of the Fort, outside, besides private corals behind the respective houses, with either gates or back door openings.



Our farming was conducted on the east, south and west of the Fort, mostly, toward River and lake. Our crops this year did not amount to much as the frosts were both early and late, and the soil was cold with considerable mineral developed from irrigating. Houses were built of cottonwood timber so plentiful along the River, which forked two or three times from the mouth of the canyon to the lake.

Quoting from County Archives of Utah, No. 25, Historical Records Survey: "Preliminary to actual colonization was a more thorough examination of the region. On January 6, 1849, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles in Great Salt Lake City, decided that Amasa M. Lyman, Orrin P. Rockwell, George D. Grant, Jedediah M. Grant, David Fullmer, John S. Fullmer, Lewis Robison, Dimick B. Huntington, William Crosby and George W. Bean, should go to Utah Valley to learn its capacities for a stock range and that when the cattle went, forty or fifty men should go with them; that Isaac M. Higbee, John M. Higbee, and William Wadsworth constitute a committee to seek out suitable fishing places in the Utah Lake, establish fisheries and supply the market. However, six days later, Amasa M. Lyman advised against driving cattle into Utah Valley; perhaps the reasoning back of this advice is indicated by the fact that in February reports reached Great Salt Lake City, that Indians had stolen fourteen horses and several cattle out of Tooele Valley, carrying them into Utah Valley. Accordingly, on February 28th, a company of thirty or forty, commanded by Capt. John Scott, descended upon a band of marauding Utes (Indians) at what accordingly became called Battle Creek (Pleasant Grove), four Indians dying in battle. The troops returned and reported this first armed conflict between the Mormon Pioneers and the Utah Indians on March 6th. Three days later, Alexander Williams reported that he was going to farm in Utah Valley, would take some cows for President Young and instruct the widows and orphans of the four Indians killed the previous Monday to farm and till the ground. On the next day at a council meeting presided over by Brigham Young, it was voted that a colony of thirty men settle in Utah Valley this spring for the purpose of farming and fishing and of instructing the Indians in cultivating the earth and of teaching them civilization. The following names were suggested for part of said colony: John S. Higbee, Wm. Wadsworth, Dimick B. Huntington, Samuel Ewing, Peter W. Conover, Alexander Williams, Houghton Conover, and John Scott. On March 13th, Brigham Young met with the company chosen to go south, twenty-nine persons having agreed to go. John S. Higbee was chosen president and bishop, Isaac Higbee, first counselor and Dimick B. Huntington, second counselor. By the 17th the number increased to thirty three.

The group of colonists left Great Salt Lake City in late March, arriving at the Provo river about April 1, 1849. According to George W. Bean, about three miles out they were met by a young brave, Angatewats by name, who placed himself on horseback across the trail in front of the foremost wagon, and forbade them from proceeding farther. Interpreter Dimick B. Huntington, who was with the company, pleaded with him to try the emigrants awhile and see if they could not live in peace together. Angatewats went and returned in about an hour and allowed them to proceed in peace.

Peaceable relations were maintained until August 1849, when the Whites themselves precipitated difficulties. According to George Washington Bean (Indian Interpreter), Richard A. Ivie, J. Rufus Stoddard and Jerome Zabriskie met an Indian called "Old Bishop" in the field and Ivie claimed the Indian's shirt to be his, and tried to take it. The Indian refused to give it up, and resisted. A scuffle ensued, the Indian was killed in the struggle to the regret of the men. To avoid an uprising, the Indians must not know, so the body was weighted down with rock and sunk in the River, so the Indians found the next day. They never knew who did it, but felt sure it was the white folks, and we found arrows in our cattle, and guarded night and day, and in the spring of 1850, the settlers moved to a higher location and built another Fort (later called Sowiette Park).

A school house was built in the middle of this Fort Utah, and a non-Mormon by the name of Wm. Hurst was the teacher, with George W. Bean, assistant. Mary Ann Turner kept school in the old Fort.

During the summer of 1850, 160 acres were surveyed, laid out into city lots by William M. Lemon. By assisting him, George W. Bean learned how to survey. A grist mill was constructed and two irrigation ditches dug. The first irrigation ditch, however, had been dug in 1849 by George W. Bean. Increased immigration during the autumn put the new colony on a firmer footing." (County Archives of Utah, No. 25, Historical Records Survey.)

We got along pretty well with the natives the forepart of the season, although some of the worst

Indians of this western region belonged to this tribe. We soon found out that Provo River region was the great place of gathering of all Ute tribes of central Utah valleys, too, on account of the wonderful supply of fish moving up the stream from the Lake to their spawning grounds every spring. Indeed, so great was the number of suckers and mullets passing continuously upstream that often the River would be full from bank to bank as thick as they could swim for hours and sometimes for days together. The fish could be taken in all ways and places and the Indians could feast from morning to night for weeks, free of all cost except a little labor of capturing these "Pahgar" (suckers) or "At-umPah-gar" - speckled trout, good fish.

At the time of our arrival here the "Timpanodes" were governed by a Chief, called by the Whites "Little Chief", but in about a month after this, he led a party of warriors to attack Wanship's band north of Salt lake City and was killed in a battle up at "Ogden Hole" - North Ogden. It was "Ope-carry." "Stick-in-head" picked up the lead, and became Chief. His Indian name was "Seen-yar-oach." There were also among the tribes Chiefs, Old Elk, or "Pare-yah"; Old "Battiste"; "Tintick" and his brother "Pat-sow-it"; Ang-kate-wats"; and other noted ones here, as "Old Sow-i-et", Old "Pe-teet-neet," "Walker" and his brother Old "U-in-ta," and his sons "Tabby", "Grospene" and "Ni-o-quich"; old "An-ter-ro" and sometimes "Ka-nosh." While these Bands of Indians met each spring for fishing, they engaged in good sporting as well, horse-racing, trading, gambling, foot racing, wrestling, etc. Some spent weeks here and I lost no time idle myself, and I enjoyed their games and learned much of their language and made friends.

In May of this year of 1849, the settlers brought their families to the Fort, because high waters in streams would make it impossible later. Some of these pioneers tell of narrow escapes as it was.

My having studied the Book of Mormon several times, which is the history of the American Indian's ancestry, made me more anxious to know them better, and learn their customs and religious beliefs, or superstitions, and I guess I'd better tell you of an eye-opener I had. This is it:

During this Summer of 1849, being interested in the Indians, I soon made friends, learned much of their language and gesticulations. Ang-a-te-wats who stopped us on the bench land and demanded our purpose in coming to the Timpanodes Tribe, was a leader of the young bucks during the Spring fishing, feasting and sporting of the various tribes. I learned the names of the Indian Chiefs and their Sub-Chiefs and have spelled them according to the way they were pronounced to me by the Indians. The Indians were "Brothers" as they agreed until the "Whites" broke confidence, and the game of revenge began. The "Timpanodes" were strong and fearless, as the "Snakes" and "Wanships" had found out in tribal battles.

Called to Indian Mission with O. P. Rockwell (Orrin Porter Rockwell)

President Young desired to make friends with all tribes, so he called Orrin Porter Rockwell and myself to his office and asked us to carry a real message of "friendship and peace" to the Indians. We were humble, yet fearless, because the Prophet of the Lord had called us to service. We accepted it. We knew the Indians were in their war-paint, holding war dances about their campfires. Since some Indians had killed cows and stolen horses, we moved cautiously and prayerfully. I never carried a gun on any Indian mission but Porter always was well armed since the days of the mobbings of Nauvoo, and wore his hair long, which my wife often braided for him at night when he stayed at our home. Our first visit to Indian camps began down on the river, a few miles from the Fort. As we neared the Camp, say a half mile or so, both pulled the rein and stopped. We both began to say, "If we both go on horseback, we'll be killed." After a bit of discussion, Porter said: "George, you go to the Camp alone. You know the language and maybe some of the Indians. Your personality is better than mine, too. I'll hide in these willows, ready to rush to you when you give the signal." And I added: "and Brother Brigham sent us with a message of Peace, and a 'God Bless You'", so I went forward without fear. As I neared the camp, I saw them dancing about a bonfire, with their paints and feathers, and squaws beating tomtoms. When they saw a man coming, they feared, and three "bucks" came out to meet me, tied my hands behind me and took me to their camp (one on each side of me and one walking behind me), and stood me on a buffalo robe and there I stood for two hours. I was not permitted to say a word until after they related all their bad feelings; boasted over their depredations and successful battles with other tribes, too numerous to mention; and told what they expected to do with the Whites's now stealing their hunting grounds, and how the crows would pick our bones, etc. Being over six feet tall - much taller than any of them, and stretching up still

taller as they talked, calm and fearless, there I stood for two long hours. When they saw I was not afraid but friendly, one war-horse Indian after another slunk away saying: "OAH, OAH" with appropriate gesture, meaning "all right". The "Gift of Interpretation" was given to me, as I called it, for I understood every word they said, even to each other. The tomtoms tapered down and the Chief said: "Now you talk. There I stood on the significant buffalo robe, over six feet of manhood, full of gratitude, my hands were loosed. I delivered the message of friendship from the White Chief, Brigham Young, who represented the "Great Spirit" in his feelings toward the Indians and all mankind, a brotherly feeling that must last forever, etc. The dancers stopped and listened, for they were as tired as I, perhaps, and their rituals were over, and Chiefs Walker, Sow-i-ette and a Sub-Chief accompanied me to where Porter Rockwell held our horses. As I had given no signal, he thought I had been killed and I feared for him, but not myself. Porter also delivered the word from Brigham, the "White Chief." They decided we were true messengers, and gave a promise of Peace. We had learned much of Indian ideals and customs and expressions. I could follow all they said but could not answer until permitted. When friendship was agreed, we mounted our horses and rode away. Many of those Indians became friendly and became protectors of my life, and warned the people, through me, of dangers. I was eighteen years old at this time, but grown up through hard experiences.

Next daybreak found us on our way to Salt Lake City to report to President Young our visit to the Indian Camp. The Indians agreed to be "brothers" if the Whites would be true. Brother Brigham was pleased to know our experiences, and told us to continue our mission to all the Tribes and make sure they understood our purpose in coming here was to build homes, raise cattle and teach them. The Great Spirit loves us all and wants us to be Friends. "Now, George and Porter, be true to yourselves and your mission and when you feel prompted to visit an Indian individual, or Camp, pray for guidance in both speech and action, that good may come from that visit. God bless you."

Father had taken up a farm up the River a mile or so north of the River Ford and built a log cabin but still lived in the Fort for safety.

There were some additions to the population during the Summer and Fall. Those located in the Fort Utah when the Indian trouble began were: Alexander Williams at East Gate, on the other sides of this 20x30 rods enclosure Hulet, Stoddard, Hunt, Pace, Bean, - Clark, Conover, Egbert, Dayton, Ivie, Zabriskie, Huntington, Ewing, E. Black, I. Black, Haws, Haws, Wheeler, T. Willis, G. Day, J. S. Higbee, Isaac Higbee, Orr, Haws, Eldredge, Parry, Turner, Thomas, Norton, Porter, G. Case, C. Case, Strong, Mathews.

The Indians were anxious to trade for guns and ammunition and varied merchandise in barter for their furs, skins, buffalo robes, and ponies. The Utes, including many Utah tribes, were an enterprising race, generally going once a year to the Eastern plains to kill buffalo, and for many years, or Winters, had made incursions into Southern California, robbing the ranchers of thousands of horses. The cause of these raids was based on the bad treatment of some of Chief Walker's party many years ago by certain ranchers taking their buffalo robes, Indian children, and confiscating their property without compensation-the settlers no doubt acting under law of trade and intercourse, but which was not understood by those tribes of Utah land. In this way Walker's Band had accumulated many horses. These were often bartered to the settlers and in turn the settlers made good trades with the Emigrant Gold Seekers of 1849 who stopped at Provo. These travelers from the States, going westward, needed fresh horses and mules, and the settlers needed wagons, cattle and implements, etc., so all were served. During the month of August, Provo became a rendezvous for these gold seekers as they waited for a sufficient number to go by southern route, with Capt. Jefferson Hunt, who then lived in Provo, as their guide.

Let me say right here, that lack of wisdom on the part of men caused stampedes on the Plains and caused Indian troubles at our settlements, as a rule.

Our trading with the Indians was generally satisfactory, until the day a serious accident occurred. There was an old Indian called Bishop Whitney. In some way he had obtained a hickory shirt, and was discovered wearing it by the original owner of it, and as hickory shirts were valuable he set out to get it. Two friends aided him and in the struggle to get the shirt off the old Indian, he was killed. It was very regrettable, but what could they do. They carried the body to the river nearby and sunk it with rocks, but the Indian friends of the old "Bishop" searched it out in about twenty-four hours and demanded the murderers, which was refused by the Whites, of course. It was not an intended murder. Then they demanded compensation in cattle, horses, etc., but nothing was ever given.

This incident caused a great deal of excitement among the Indians, especially these Timpanodes here,

and shortly after this, we found arrows sticking in our cattle and horses and several persons were shot at while in the woods and other places.

Militia Organized for Protection

Meanwhile we prepared for defense. Peter R. Conover was chosen Captain of the Militia with F. T. Thomas and J. G. Rills Lieutenants, Miles Weaver, the Adjutant. Joseph Clark, sergeant, and others in need. Guards were posted at night and armed herdsmen on horseback kept our stock by day. The leading Indians ordered us off their lands and made serious threats in case we failed to leave. Our stock was stolen from time to time.

During the last days of August we built a bastion in the center of our Fort, thirty feet square, which covered a mound. We set posts closely together covered with poles and dirt, with log railings, and placed thereon the SixPounder Iron Cannon which was sufficiently elevated to protect our Fort and stockyards from an attack which we expected would occur anytime.

Just about this time a large company of gold-seekers enroute to California by southern way, made Camp alongside our Fort, and they, having plenty of arms and ammunition were a great aid to us, as they stayed four or five weeks and had stock which were cared for together for mutual protection. Our Militia Company continued to practice almost daily and through the liberality of the Emigrants, we had powder to supply the cannon, given to James B. Porter and William Dayton. They made some cartridges out of old cotton stuff and bits of dry grass.

Cannon Explosion Proves Disastrous

On September 1st, 1849, as Father and I returned from work, Lieutenant Wm. Dayton called to me and asked if I would help him fire the cannon. It was about sundown. I responded quickly to the call. He said he had waited for me and that all was arranged for a cannon practice on the bastion. We ran up the ladder to the cannon, loaded it and fired once, without much consideration. Then, without swabbing the gun, Dayton jumped and caught up another cartridge of old cotton cloth and one and one half pounds of rifle powder, inserted it in the muzzle and we both began ramming the cartridge home, when it evidently caught fire, being broken and torn, and the remnant of the former one still burning in the breech, caused a disastrous explosion. It caused a deafening roar as to strike with dread all within hearing, who testified to the shock which bore evidence of a dreadful accident. Two large men ramming with a hickory ramrod might cause a roar with both hands bearing heavily on the hickory. We were thrown thirty feet away on the ground, Lieutenant Dayton was killed outright and I taken up as dying, terribly mangled, but still breathing, with my left hand gone, picked up in Celia Hunt's dooryard, who recognized George Bean's band ring on his little finger. My clothes were partly burned off; eyes and face black with powder and burned so badly that I could see nothing for twenty days thereafter; my right arm and hand were severely lacerated; also my right thigh, breast, neck and face were filled with splinters and powder burn. Some of the two hundred splinters remained in my body for twenty years, working to the surface at different times.

My left arm had to be amputated to three and a half inches below the elbow, which left a useful stub. Capt. Jefferson Hunt was the first to reach our bodies. He discovered Lieutenant Dayton's jugular vein was severed by a splinter and he was gone. Capt. Hunt lifted a piece of log railing from my body and found me in a terrible condition, but still breathing. They carried me home to a bed where I remained for forty days. They decided to patch me up, but how was the question. It was learned that Capt. Stansbury who had just arrived in Salt Lake City, had a Government Doctor in his company, so as I regained consciousness somewhat, they hoped to save my life. Our good neighbor, Aaron Houton Conover, was sent to Salt Lake City for a surgeon. Providentially, Capt. Stansbury, the Topographical Engineer, having just arrived, gladly sent his Dr. Blake, an army surgeon, back with Mr. Conover, post haste. A stretcher was hastily made by placing a clean sheet on a quilt to convey my mutilated body onto the bed. Mother and her neighbors had arranged for me. The noise of the explosion brought all who heard it rushing into the Fort for observation and information, and it was difficult for the stretcher bearers to get through the crowd.

My parents and friends sat during the night watching my every breath as if it might be my last, yet

praying for me and the Doctor's arrival. They were relieved when daylight came and Dr. Blake walked in. Of course I had to rely on Father's report on which was done first. Dr. Blake removed his cloak, donned his medical gown, made hasty examinations of my black powder burned face and neck, and then ordered all out of the room except his aids and Father. He then proceeded to saw the bones of my left forearm, leaving a three and a half inch stub below the elbow, which served me well all my life. Of course, in those days people had to endure pain in operations by the will power of the injured, as mothers bore their children without an anesthetic. Dr. Blake was an expert. He had to probe into my flesh for those 200 hickory ramrod slivers, some of which seemed to go to the bones. The largest was taken from my right thigh, being three inches long and the size of a lead pencil. How I ever stood all that probing is a marvel to me yet, but all my friends were praying for me, and miracles do happen at times, as the Lord designs.

Each day for a week or ten days, Dr. Blake dressed my wounds and probed for more splinter-first from neck, chest and abdomen where hard wood slivers might enter vital organs, until he had 200 splinters in my mother's fruit jar. My heart tonic was sweetened hot water with brandy in it. Beef tea was my nourishment because I could not chew, and wondered if I ever could. With my eyes scabbed over like my whole face, I wondered if I could ever see again. My patient mother did everything to ease my pain and give comfort, although she, too, was wondering. Faithful friends came in to join Father in administrations, but I could not see them. The days were long and the nights longer, as I suffered in every inch of my body, and prayed so hard to die. The future looked so dark to me.

My Miraculous Healing

About three weeks after the accident, a miracle was performed by three Prophets of the Lord who entered our humble home. They were President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. Why did these three men, the Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ in these latter days, come to see and bless an insignificant eighteen year old boy like me?

They visited with Mother a bit while Father shuffled off his farm clothes to join them. Their presence brought calmness. They evidently saw my condition, but I could not see them, but recognized their voices from hearing them preach. Mother appealed to them, "Brother Brigham, do you think he can live?" "Of course he can, and will", he answered. Then he came to me, took my hand, the right hand, the only one I had, and asked: "George, do you want to live?" His very handshake gave me strength, and I answered: "Yes, if I can do any good," with my weak voice, trembling. President Young then said: "Then you shall live." He called his counselors to my bed, my Mother brought the consecrated oil, one of them anointed my head and the other sealed that anointing. Then "Brother Brigham" gave me a marvelous blessing. He rebuked the power of the Destroyer from my body and from our home. It was like an electric current that ran through me from head to foot and it took the severe pain with it. He plead with the Lord to heal me from head to foot that all wounds might heal quickly, and that faith may increase as the healing takes place and that I may ever rejoice in God's blessings in performing the works He has for me to do, etc. How I wish I had that blessing in writing. He made plain to me that the Holy Ghost, bestowed upon me after baptism, would be my constant guide and educator, and that the Lord's work assigned to me will be gloriously completed.

My parents were there to hear this consoling prayer, of greater length, but this is sufficient. We were lifted above earthly things in rejoicing with the Prophets of the Lord in humility and sincere brotherly love. God saved me through the Prophets' prayers and power of the Priesthood, which God has bestowed upon worthy men to represent Him on Earth.

My life of despair was changed by the visit of these three Prophets of the Lord, to one of love, faith, gratitude and desire to do God's will. Next day the scales fell from my eyes and I saw the glorious light. I now live. It has been impossible to describe my feelings when the light first came to me when the burn scabs dropped from my eyes after twenty days of blindness. Some bits of bone were taken from my stub arm. My right ear was affected by deafness and ulcerous tumor for several years but finally was cured by Dr. Sawtelle. A film grew over the sight of the left eye which was later removed by the Doctor.

During my illness in bed so long, I had many visits from friendly Indians who sympathized with my sufferings, especially Sanpitch, a brother of Walker, the Chief, the little Doctor of the Timpanodes tribe at Provo, and many others. I had learned some of the Indian language before and they took pride in

teaching me everything, and I gave them English, so we could converse very well and do business with them later. It was a blessing in disguise to get this training to clinch the Indian Language gift I had received.

There are many trials that come to us as mortals that are blessings in disguise. Think it over and see.

Pioneering is hard at times, but every day some new lesson is learned. The greater the task well done, the greater the blessing, and pleasure in your success.

I have always been such a lover of Nature, God's whole Universe. I did enjoy the classes of Orson Pratt whenever I could be present. My search after knowledge keeps me progressive and a sense of humor makes life worth living, and helps surmount obstacles, and to live above jealousy and misrepresentations that most people encounter who really do things. Even the Savior met such disagreeable things, and prophets both old and modern.

My dear family and friends, I am so grateful to my Heavenly Father for his kind preservation of my life, that He saw fit to snatch me from death's door to fill my humble mission.

After the gold-seekers had passed on to California, the Indians became very bold and troublesome, and were sometimes aggravated by our people, so that near Christmas time, open War seemed inevitable.

Our community contracted the measles and through some Indian prisoners we held, the disease was carried to the tribe causing deaths of many.

First Battle With Indians at Battle Creek

About this time I went to Salt Lake City to my sister, SARAH ANN CASPER'S and had the measles, consequently I was absent during the most exciting period of the War, which occurred in January, 1850. About one hundred men came down from Salt Lake City to help drive the Indians away from the breastworks of logs and earth where they were hiding, my father's new log house forming a sort of barracks for the Indians. During the three days' engagement, Joseph Higbee was killed and Alexander Williams, Albert Miles, Alexander Stephens, and Samuel Casus were severely wounded and Isom Flynn, Jabez Nowlin, and one or two others, slightly injured. About forty Indians were killed in the various engagements near Provo. Table Point across the Utah Lake, and in Rock Canyon, and many more died from exposure while having the measles, Chief Elk being one of that number. A few squaws and children remained as prisoners with us, including Ang-a-te-wats. Some orphan children were taken to Salt Lake City and distributed among kind-hearted people to rear.

General Daniel H. Wells was directing the Campaign in person some of the time, accompanied by Capt. Stansbury of the U. S. Topographical Engineers and Lieutenant Howland. General George D. Grant, William H. Kimball, James Ferguson, Robert T. Burton, and several others were notable in the various acts of this unpleasant strife, besides our own Militia Company under Captain Peter W. Conover and his aids; and thus we remained masters of the situation without seeing an Indian for two months. The Natives were defeated. Fifteen of them were killed at the Point of the Mountain near Pe-teet-neet. About April, 1850, the people decided to move the Fort Utah on to more open ground, one and a half miles northeast and prepare for a larger settlement, still in Fort form.

The month of March brought a new problem. We observed a smoke west across Utah Lake, about ten miles from the Fort. The lake being frozen over, it was decided that something was wanted by the parties making the smoke as a signal of proffered communication with us. Therefore, our little Militia was called to arms and the volunteers went to see what was wanted.

A dozen large boys stepped out with Lieutenant R. T. Thomas at their head and were off very quickly to meet the visitors, and at night they returned with Chiefs Pe-teet-neet, Tabby, Grosپene and about twenty others. The Indians were cross at first meeting the boys at the west shore of the Lake. Grosپene rode up and struck Allen Huntington over the shoulders twice, demanding why he killed his friends and relatives, meaning some that had been killed at Table Point where their bodies had been left on the snow and ice for two months and had just now been discovered by the Indians. After some explanations all passed off peaceably and arrangements were made for better understanding in the future.

These Indians belonged to the Spanish Fork and Payson camps, but they did much to get the remnants of the Timpanodes at Provo together and to establish peace once more.

When the settlers established their new Fort on higher ground, away from alkali land, they

commenced to build their own homes inside the square, and a meeting and schoolhouse in the center. Our numbers were increasing and the farming operations were much more successful.

Elder Isaac Higbee was our first Bishop, although his brother, a fisherman, had charge the year before, but he, John S. Higbee, and Dimick B. Huntington had returned to Salt Lake City.

The Indians gave no trouble although they were all around us all the season, and by this time I was able to talk the Utah language pretty well, besides some words of the "Snake" or Shoshone tongue. I gleaned quite a smattering of Spanish language gathered from the Battalion boys that returned from the Mexico War in California and Pueblo, and from my Spanish-English dictionary. During this year some Mexicans and others came through Provo driving sheep to California gold mines.

During this year, I read a great deal of my time. A good many emigrants settled with us this fall of 1850.

The schoolhouse had to be enlarged and William Hurst, who was one of the California goldseekers, was employed as a teacher, and I was engaged to assist him. The Winter term was a very profitable one to the patrons, and our teacher proved to be a very good educator as well as a good man, he being honest enough to recognize the Gospel of Christ's Truths and was baptized before he started for California, in the Spring of 1851. We got up a series of entertainments for the enjoyment of the patrons of the school, using the teachers, the best students, and a few others as actors. "William Tell", "Lochiel", "Robin Rough-head", etc. were presented and received great favor. Our teacher, Mr. Hurst, was both an actor and fine director. Mr. Hurst received some very rough treatment at the hands of one Gasham C. Case, who became prejudiced by statements of his ill-behaved children. On election day for our City officers, Case assaulted Mr. Hurst, knocked him down and otherwise abused the little man, for which evil acts many of us voted against Case for Mayor and elected Ellis Eames instead. This happened in April, 1851. We never heard of Mr. Hurst after he went to California. I was given \$25 per month for teaching.

Soon after this, Provo City was surveyed by W. Lemon, Territorial Surveyor, and the people commenced to move out and build on their City lots. Our population increased almost daily, as Provo at this time was a very desirable location, there being plenty of good land, water, fuel, timber, and fish without going to canyons. The privilege of trading with the Indians also presented some attraction during this winter of 1850-1851.

Early this spring, Father moved onto his farm, three quarters of a mile up the river from the new Fort Utah. I kept school in our house in the Fort in October.

In the early part of 1851, Elder Parley P. Pratt called on me to go with him to California and South America on a mission, as I supposed to be an assistant because I spoke Indian and Spanish fairly well, but the school trustees could not spare me from school at that time.

Official Appointments During 1851 and Valuable Experiences

In April I was elected City Recorder of Provo.

It was about this time, too, that President Brigham Young and his Company called me to accompany them on a trip to Southern Utah. Barney Ward and Miles Weaver also joined the company, Barney as guide and I as Interpreter. We thereupon fitted up in twenty-four hours and were off on a four weeks journey. Barney had a Shoshone Indian wife.

The party camped overnight at O-ah-bah, or Salt Creek, later named Nephi, in company with Dr. Priddy Meeks and some other families enroute to Parowan in little Salt Lake Valley. It occurred to President Young that the Sevier River was dangerous to cross, so he detailed four of us namely: Charles A. Harper, William Bringhurst, Almon L. Fullmer and George W. Bean, to assist these emigrants to cross the river, and then we were to go up the stream for thirty or forty miles to intersection of tracts and then rejoin the President's party that was going through Salt Creek canyon and Sanpete Valley to Manti and thence up Sevier River and across to Parowan.

(Up to this point, I have copied from George Bean's autobiography word for word, but I shall now just include some interesting historical excerpts and a few quotations that allude to information about his parents, James Bean and Elizabeth Lewis Bean, or his sister, Sarah Ann Bean Casper and her husband, William Wallace Casper.

George Washington Bean, Indian Interpreter for Governor Brigham Young of Utah Territory

I may say that President Young and a party of about twenty of the chief Elders of the Church held a meeting at Provo before we left there and received the resignation of Bishop Isaac Higbee, and thereupon ordained Elias H. Blackburn Bishop of Provo, with Alexander Williams as Counselor. The President then arranged his party for the trip south as related in part.

After the meetings were concluded at Manti, we travelled southward. It was about May 1st. We passed over the Cedar Divide via Marysville, where the Parley P. Pratt company had spent Christmas in 1849, and which now at the time of this abridgment, 1891, is considered an important mining Camp though not much developed as yet.

We followed in general the trail of Parley's explorations up the desert vales of the Sevier River and across, passing over the Cedar Divide by Marysville and Circleville, then bearing westerly over rocky ridges, across Prairie Dog Valley and into Little Salt Lake Valley. We camped one night in Bear Valley and next morning faced a blinding snow storm until noon during which experience Brother Daniel H. Wells, being on horseback in front of our company, became so chilled as to lose control of his faculties, so we were obliged to stop and make a fire in the Cedars to restore him. Some brandy in hot water was given and other outward applications applied. He was revived and we then moved on in snow eighteen inches deep. Then it was that Barney Ward did good service and guided us out of this mountain region, through a narrow pass into Little Salt Lake Valley.

It was on this day, May 9, 1851, while passing down a wash on horseback at the head of the company, that we discovered and picked up a fine piece of gold quartz rock ten or twelve inches square and several inches thick, lying right in our pathway on an old trail. We stopped to noon and feed shortly after and showed the rock to President Young and Company. Professor Albert Carrington, John Kay, J. Barlow and old Thomas Thodes, late from California gold mines, was in the party and decided that it was one of the richest pieces of gold quartz they ever saw and this caused more excitement in us, but President Young quietly remarked, "Just let it alone, boys, until the time comes when the Lord wants it brought forth for the benefit of His work, for the beautifying of His Temples, and carrying on of His work on the Earth." He then asked what we were going to do with this specimen. We, by this time had broken the rock into several pieces, dividing it up to the finders and some were gouging out particles of gold with their pen knives. We replied, "Anything that he thought best." He then said, "Suppose you give it all to Professor Carrington here, and then it won't do any harm to anybody." And let me say here, that in 1871, after gold and other metals had been discovered in Bingham, Little Cottonwood and elsewhere, I approached President Young again and he answered, "Yes, I know they are finding it round about, but still I am praying with all my might for the Lord to keep it hidden until we are able to stand such things. Still, if you want to go and look, I am perfectly willing, but have no faith that you can find anything." Well, you may know, all of us "finders" passed our gold quartz to Professor Carrington.

After President's party returned home, it transpired that we had obtained a Territorial form of Government under the name of Utah, with President Young as Governor. Of course, he had served as the Provisional "State of Deseret" Governor since 1849, but most new officers were from other States, chosen by the U. S. President.

Fillmore chosen as name of Capital of Utah Territory.

It was about October 1st, 1851, that President Young, now Governor, asked me to accompany him, as Interpreter, to go in company with the Officers of the Territory to locate a Capital, or seat of government. Others of the party were, Secretary Babbitt, Judge Snow, Marshal Haywood, Major Rose-Indian Agent, Wm. C. Stains, Cook, and several others. Professor Orson Pratt took Astronomical Observations at different places, and latitude and longitude. Chalk Creek was now reached and thought to be the geographical center, or nearly so, and it was chosen and named in honor of the President of the United

States, Fillmore, who made their official appointments, and the County was called Millard. Of course, a Treaty had to be made with the Indians and a definite understanding had.

While on this trip some incidents occurred worthy of mention. First, in regard to me, as I was employed to accompany the Governor's party as Interpreter and guide, and when we reached Pavant Valley, we met Kanosh, Indian Chief of the Pavants, also Parashout, a half Chief of same. This young chief, Kanosh, was only 23 years old and had been several years with his parents on a Catholic Mission Farm in Southern California. He could speak Spanish fairly well and he seemed to appreciate the good will and friendship of the white people settling in this country, from this very acquaintanceship.

Kanosh, on this occasion got all his sub-chiefs and braves together and a firm treaty of peace was agreed upon, our people to settle anywhere on their lands that we chose, except Corn Creek (Kanosh) about twelve miles southwest of Fillmore, which was to be kept by the Pahvant tribe of Indians, some of whom were pretty fair farmers at this time.

**

On Sept 29 1852, my first thrill of love came to me. It was at a baptismal service in the Fifth Ward in Provo. William Fausett was Bishop at that time and I was Ward Clerk. It was the custom at that time for those who had crossed the plains to renew their covenants, as it were, and be rebaptized, as well as those aged 8 years to be baptized—the age of accountability—as the Latter-day Saints do not baptize children before that age. There were two new arrivals from Council Bluffs, Iowa, where their mother died and was laid away, came to be rebaptized. They were Jane and Elizabeth Baum, rosy cheeked and attractive, especially the younger one, Elizabeth. I suppose we exchanged glances and smiles, at church and socials, but courtships were modest and non-expressive in those days. Admiration could be given if the parents approved an engagement. ** The Baum girls used the covered wagon as their room, while the adobe house was being enlarged, and there is where Elizabeth made her wedding gown by the light of a candle and a pan of coals as a heater. Having become acquainted with the Baums, I thought it best not to live in single blessedness any longer, so I persuaded Elizabeth to pledge our fortunes together and we were married on Jan 6, 1853 at my father's (James Bean) home by Elder Isaac Higbee, there being no Endowment House in order at that time. Elizabeth was nearly 19 and I would be 22 on April 1st. George at the time of his marriage:

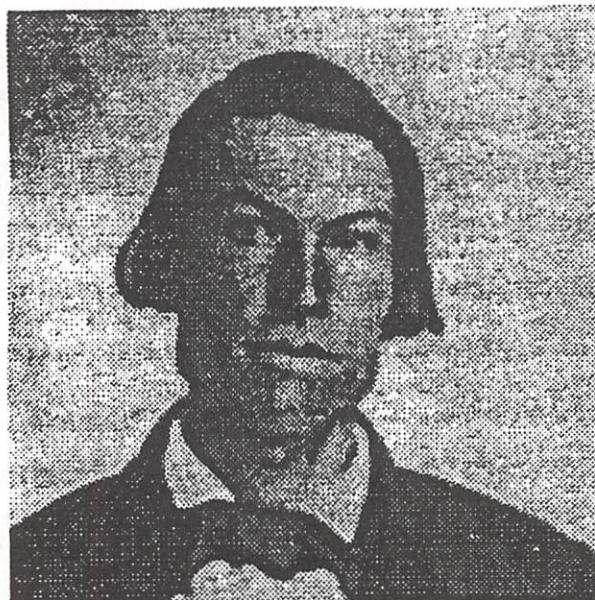
We lived in father's family for three months or so, and then I bought a house of Wm. Weeks; the architect of the Sugar Works. By this spring, the high waters of Provo River made much trouble, carrying away the bridge and cutting off the river banks to a great extent in many places. We were disturbed of nights by the roar of the flood water and quiver of falling banks and fear of deluge. Our little domicile was spared, however.

**

I spent considerable time in running express, and visiting friendly Indians in different localities, endeavoring to allay all suspicions which they had imbibed against the "Whites."

Cause of Walker War

About July 1st, 1853, a difficulty occurred near Springville between James A. Ivie and one of Chief Walker's Indians, named Shower-o-sho-a-kats. It commenced like this: A row between the Indian and his squaw took place in Ivie's dooryard. He treated his squaw very cruelly, much against Ivie's idea of propriety and he tried to interfere and stop it. The Indian was more enraged. Ivie snatched the Indian's gun and struck him one over the head, breaking the gun and also the Indian's skull, and he was carried off for dead. Being rather popular in his tribe, this incident raised a terrible breeze at the Indian Camp where Chief Walker and not less than eighty Lodges were congregated. The Indian did not die, but lingered for a long time between life and death. Several attempts were made to settle the damage by the



earnest efforts of Bishop Aaron Johnson and leading men of Springville, but Ivie was not disposed to do much, not understanding Indian customs, so the Red men daily became more hostile. They left the Springville Camp and moved into Payson canyon where they were again visited by Bishop Johnson and others, but no agreement was reached. The wounded Indian was barely alive, and the tribe held Ivie for compensation and cooperation, for the trouble. It was understood that one beef-ox and very little besides would make peace again, but it was not forthcoming and the Indians sought revenge, and on July 16th, Alexander Keele was killed at Payson by Wah-woon-oh, a reckless Ute Brave, and then commenced the WALKER WAR of 1853.

Early next morning I was called in company with Col. P. W. Conover and many others to go to Payson and aid in what ever could be done to quell further disturbances. The Indians were all together about four miles up the canyon and their Braves stationed on a ridge called "Hogback", about half way up. The leading men made another visit and saw some Chiefs, but their blood was now up. They refused to punish the murderer of Keele. About noon the Indians started up the canyon toward Sanpete Valley. By this time a hundred men were in and near Payson. The officers held a Council of War as it might be called, at 3 p. m. and it was decided that Col. Conover should take forty or fifty of the best cavalry and hasten by way of Nephi, to Sanpete valley to warn the people and assist in their defense if necessary as it was now understood that war had been declared by the great Chief Walker.

As I was not counted much for a fight since my left hand was shot away as previously stated, they detailed me to carry an express message back to Provo with particulars. I started at 4 p.m. and on reaching Provo found that someone had been on Spanish Fork south bench and had seen our troops moving east of Payson and towards Pondtown where a few families lived, and it was supposed those troops were Indians and that Pondtown would be wiped out very soon.

**

This outbreak called the Walker War, caused much suffering and loss of life, especially to the southern part of the Territory. Many small settlements were broken up and farmers living outside of towns were obliged to move in and suffer great loss of improvements, our family among the rest. People travelling had to go in armed parties for several months, but toward winter, Walker's Band moved off to the Navajo and Moquis Country, having much of the Mormon stock to trade and live upon throughout the winter. Losses during the Walker War were immense and about thirty white people were killed. Walker's half-brother, Sowiette, was peaceful and begged Walker to avoid trouble with the pioneers.

It was in April that word came from Parowan, Iron County, that the great Chief Walker had appeared there apparently friendly and desired to hear from President Young, so the President forthwith sent O. Porter Rockwell, John R. Murdock, myself and others to meet Walker and make such proposals as would bring about a good lasting peace. We departed with a letter and some presents and met the Old Chief and party at Beaver....The Beaver Chief, "Beaver-ads" was present and Walker was disposed to show off his importance to the greatest advantage. He waxed eloquent and in illustrating how he would treat all his enemies, he struck the Beaver Chief in the face with his pen knife opened and made the blood fly profusely, and there came near being a scene as Old Beaverads jumped and caught up his gun to shoot Walker. We disarmed him, but his wrath was not appeased until Walker gave him some presents we had just handed him.

The result of the visit with Walker was a tentative arrangement to meet him in company with President Young at upper Chicken Creek in fifteen days and, if plenty of beef cattle, flour and Indian goods were brought, then all might be well, otherwise not. This was afterwards all fulfilled.

President Young had called Orrin Porter Rockwell and myself to the task of keeping Chief Walker in hand and peaceable for a year if it cost the church \$10,000, and to labor and teach and trade among the Utah Indians and try to heal up the feelings made by the occurrences of last summer.

When we met Walker at Beaver he was coming north, full of complaints, so we travelled with him several days and showed him much attention and succeeded, to some extent, in softening his warlike spirit. We left him encamped at Chicken Creek, while we went on to make up a trading outfit for the season.

President Young came along, going south on his annual trip and got the Old Chief to accompany him. There occurred at that time the following circumstance. President Young and party having stayed at Nephi over night, reached Walker's Camp before eleven o'clock, bringing a load of flour and a dozen of beef cattle. O. P. Rockwell and myself preceded the President' party a few minutes, just long enough for Porter

to slip a bottle of whiskey into the Old Chief's hands, about half of which went down his throat instantly, as it were, and when President Young arrived, Walker was half drunk and sulky. He would not talk nor allow Dimick Huntington to say a word, and finally ordered him away from his lodge (tent). The President intended to go on farther that night, but Walker forbade it, that he was not to move before the next morning, giving some superstitious reasons therefor. There being a large company and no preparation for night camping on the open prairie, and a good many objections to stopping, and after much pleading and finding the Old Chief immovable because he had a very sick child, the President decided to stay rather than cause a rupture between parties, as about eighty Lodges of Indians were encamped. The Elders administered to the child and it got better, so that Walker decided to go with us next morning as far south as Harmony, Iron Co., which took fifteen days or more. Being in good company had a good effect on him.

As we returned from the south, President Young promised Walker that he would send Porter Rockwell and myself and others with goods to trade and supply his needs without his going to the City. The President privately told us to keep peace with the Indians at all costs this season, as the people had suffered so much the last year by the Walker War that this year they must raise their crops. He gave us that mission to keep peace with the Indians. I was also to see the Indians on Green River and Sandys. I had many stormy debates with them and some hairbreadth escapes from their savage fury, but the Lord was my guide and protector.

The following is an illustration of the trials we had to experience. As stated before, President Young promised Walker that goods would be furnished him through Porter Rockwell and myself, and we had made a promise to meet the Indians at Nephi in 14 days. While in the City after goods, word came to President Young that Walker had come to Nephi and found the people all busily engaged in building an earthen wall around their settlement, which exasperated him very much, and he forbade any further work thereon, saying it was an evidence they intended to keep the Indians away and was therefore an unfriendly act, for after the wall was done, when he came to visit them and get something to eat, they would let him stand outside and possibly toss a biscuit out to him over the wall like he was a dog or a slave. He reminded them that he had given Brigham and the Mormons the privilege of settling on these lands and jointly occupying them with the Indians, using land, water, grass, timber together as brothers, but if "Whites" separated and fenced off their settlements, they would have to stay inside and Indians outside—no more getting wood and grass for the "Whites" if they continued the wall business. To avoid trouble the people stopped work until word came from President Young. He was much disturbed by this new move of the wily old Chief, and he immediately wrote a strong letter to Walker and gave it to me to carry forthwith to the Indian camp and interpret the same to them. This I did, with O. Porter Rockwell, Amos Neff and "Squash", as he was commonly called, "Washeer" being his Indian name. We found 80 lodges (tents) of Indians camped one mile above Nephi. We were a little over time with our goods for Walker and he had become very impatient waiting for us. We drove into camp with a four horse team and immediately I gave Walker the letter or read it to him and translated it, in which President Young expressed his surprise that Walker had so soon forgotten the good time they had in travelling together and that he was acting foolishly in opposing the building of walls around the settlements. He warned Walker that this was the Lord's work, and His people, and for him to mind his own business and the people would do the same; and that if he troubled the Lord's people any more, he would likely suffer for it.

Crucial Moments:

At this point Walker snatched the letter from my hand in the greatest rage and trampled it under his feet, and then struck into a boastful tirade, saying that he would let Brigham Young know that he had lived before he came here and he had fought the Sioux, the Snakes, the Arapahoes, and Cheyennes, and the Crow Indian tribes and that his scars were all in front, and not on his back, and if he said so War would commence this very day, and finally ordered his Camps to move instantly. At this there was a great scattering of the crowd around us, and a howl of grief from the squaws, and a pulling down of lodges. The boys and young "Bucks" gathered in the ponies and packed the tents, etc. This was hastily carried on for thirty minutes and the ground was clear and the whole cavalcade moved toward Salt Creek Canyon. About fifty warriors remained, however, surrounding us, including all the old Sub-Chiefs, as Battiese, Tintick, Bear-Scratch and others who each in turn took great pleasure in boasting to me and Porter of their brave and bloody deeds during the War the year before, when Tindrel was killed at Santaquin and John W. Berry

and Clark Roberts were wounded and Ike Duffin at Willow Creek, Keele at Payson, and in fact all the chief exploits of the Walker War were shown up and their present willingness to do lots more of it was plainly manifest and the snapping of caps, swaying of bow strings was not very pleasant music to us. However, I picked up the letter of President Young's from under Walker's feet and told him I would return to Salt Lake and tell Brigham how his words of counsel had been treated by him. At this, he got into a rage and said, "No, you won't go and get all the Mormons after us again." Walker asked what we were going to do with our guns and other trade that we had in the wagon. I told him we would take them back. He said: "No you won't. We have waited till I'm sore for those goods and must have them." Amos Neff was holding the reins of the four horse team nearby, ready to move at any moment. At this point, Washear, or Squash, spoke up and said: "Walker you talk like a fool. I was with George when Brigham gave him the letter and Brigham was not mad, but he talked straight and he wants you to do right and not act foolish. 'Poorets' (as they called me, meaning one arm man), is only talking for Brigham, and he wants you to listen and do right and all will be well." Washear grew very earnest and Walker talked loud, too, and the Braves all began to talk and gave us a chance to slip away, get on our wagon and quietly drive down to Nephi settlement, one mile distant, unmolested.

We forthwith got up an armed escort to guard us back to Payson. Just before we started off, we looked across the plain just above the town and saw old Chief Walker coming toward the town on foot, leading his little son, and Washear leading his horse. We forthwith interpreted this action to mean his repentance, and a peaceful conclusion of the morning's trouble. I met him a short distance out, and met them with this remark from Walker: "I'm not angry now. 'Shenertz', my relative, has convinced me I was wrong in my suspicions of Brigham and his Mormons and I'm sorry for all the trouble."

He begged us to overlook everything and go right along with them over to Sanpete Valley, near Fort Ephraim, to do our trading just as if nothing had happened. After some consultation, we decided to do so, but took the old Chief Walker and his son into our wagon with us, so that if any treachery was attempted, we could have some show to keep even. We arrived at Fort Ephraim that night and stayed five days to trade with the Indians gathered there. We had several rather stormy bouts with Walker's impudent greed, and were obliged to take eight little Indians (their slaves), rather than have them butchered by the cruel Utes, they having lost their New Mexico Spaniards' trade by purchase. We found there was plenty of need for praying under all conditions, and not always on our knees. These hair-raising experiences gave evidence that the Lord can raise up a protective power from a source the least expected when it becomes necessary, as in the case of Washear taking the trouble off us at the critical moment. This happened in or about October, 1954.

A Narrow Escape with my Life

Wашеар, or Squash, was one of my truest friends. He came to me in 1849 at intervals during my desperate illness, after the cannon explosion when I lost my left hand. He taught me the Indian language, as I taught him our language. He told me of his people and other tribes and troubles and warned me of danger to myself and our people many times in his quiet and intelligent way. He saved my life one morning in a miraculous way. It was in 1853 after my marriage to Elizabeth Baum, when we lived in a temporary home, a cabin, while the home was being built. It happened this way: I was sitting at my little desk tending to clerical work when the Ute Indian Doctor came in. He was in mourning and told the sad story as I kept on writing. He stood back of me, pouring into my ears his sad story of the death of his squaw and papoose. He was hunting some good person to go with them to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and then he waxed eloquent in praise of me, as he drew closer. Elizabeth saw the point of the Doctor's knife blade extending below his blanket he had thrown about him and shouted: "George, don't you see that knife?" which gave the Doctor his cue to strike his deadly blow. He quickly raised his knife to strike while my back was to him and I still at the desk. God be praised, as my friend "Squash" Washear was sitting back of the door beside me at the desk and like a flash threw up his bow and arrows he held in his hands, and deflected the blow of the knife and thus saved my life. The Indians then scuffled with each other in the room until I edged around to get them near the door, then I pushed them outside, giving the Doctor a good kick as he went. Elizabeth took a quick exit out the window and ran for my father to come. When they arrived, the Indians had gone and I, rather weak from the excitement, was again praising God for my deliverance. Next day the Doctor came back to ask my forgiveness. Said he was so sad over the death of his squaw and child, he was almost crazy and didn't realize he was going to kill the best friend the

indians had. The little Medicine Man offered me his blankets to prove friendship. No doubt Squash gave him a scolding that opened his eyes. He asked for Squash's blankets, but I did not let them go, but told him to make friends with Squash because Squash had saved him, the Doctor, from a dreadful crime. I understood he and Squash did exchange blankets to prove their friendship.

This event gave greater cause for definite missionary work among the Indians. This custom of killing another to accompany the dead to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" had been discouraged by us before, but now we must be very definite on the displeasure it brings to the "Great Spirit" that gives life, for them to destroy a life, one of God's children. They could continue burying with the dead, food, blankets, and even a horse if they had to kill something, or a rabbit, but not God's men and women. If the Great Spirit wants people killed, he knows best when to do it, but we have no right.

Chief Walker's death

The repentant Chief Walker came back from the Navajo country in the spring of 1855. He got as far as Meadow Creek, Millard County, where he died and was buried according to Indian customs. I was not there but it was said that two squaws, two children and many horses were killed to accompany him to the Happy Hunting Ground. Blankets and much food was buried with them, and the last letter he received from President Brigham Young he wanted buried with him. His brother, Arapene, succeeded Walker as Chief. Walker's half brother, Sowiette, saved us much trouble by persuading impulsive Walker to calm down on many occasions.

A call to Las Vegas Indian Mission, 1855.

I was stunned to learn that my name had been listed and voted upon to go on a mission. I immediately went to President Young's office and found the mission call was true and that I was wanted to go as Interpreter to the Las Vegas Springs on the Southern California road and form a settlement, in company with President William Bringhurst and about thirty others. The object of the Mission was to teach those wild piele Indians the blessings of peace and industry, and honesty and kindred principles.

President Young, knowing of those other offers, asked me how I liked the call as missionary. I told him that I loved my religion above all else and that I was ready to go where ever I could serve the Kingdom best. He was pleased with the answer and blessed me. I afterwards learned that the elderly former Interpreter had stated that I was captured by gentile influences having associated with Government officials so much and would not respond to a mission. I notified Col. Steptoe and Dr. Hurt that my religion was first with me and that they would have to excuse me from further Government service now. The Col. said he honored my principles, he was sorry to spare me, but I should stay with my convictions....

Ten days was not much time to prepare for a mission but we had been trained to be minute men with cooperative spirits and determined wills to do our duties. Having some money, I bought up a bin full of wheat, some land, but this being the great grasshopper year in Utah there was nothing much raised in the fields. We had several cows, etc. and some cash, leaving the wife and child, my most concern, well provided for, so my thoughts were at ease.

Arrival at Las Vegas

This was the 15th of June, the hottest weather I ever saw. We started to clear off the land to plant the crops forthwith, but the heat was terrible. The indians were very shy at first, but good kind treatment won them over in time so that we used them for much of our labor. We sent out runners to gather in the Lords of the Soil, but it was about ten days before the proper ones arrived. After they learned our intentions, they made good promises and we made some and then set to work to clear off some willows and brush. We taught them to be honest, truthful, industrious and peaceful and to keep good feelings among the indians and with our people...We planted corn about the first week in July and had a good crop, also some fine squashes and melons and garden truck. The indians were soon partially converted to habits of industry and helped us to grub the land, make adobes, attend the mason and especially to herd the stock. They were fairly honest and soon joined the church. During the summer most of the adults were baptized and in many ways showed improvement. They herded the Emigrants' teams as they stopped on their way to California. They irrigated our land and assisted in making adobes and in construction of a fourteen foot wall around a space of one hundred and fifty feet square, which constituted our Mission Fort. Myself and Brother James T. L. Allred of Sanpete County, Utah, were the interpreters for the Camp the first year. We also did a great deal of exploring in the mountains and along streams extending from the

El Dorado to the mouth of the Rio Virgin River. We discovered the transparent ledges near the Rio Virgin, of Crystal Salt, tall ledges of it. We also found and opened a lead mine in the mountain range southwest of Cottonwood Springs, thirty miles from Las Vegas.....The purpose of our explorations was to extend acquaintance with all the Indian Tribes and Bands which we did viz: the Pahgahts, or Colorado Piedes, Moapats, or Muddys, the Pahruchats, or Rio Virgin, the Panominch, or western Piedes, the Quoeech or Diggers, about Pahrouegat Valley, and the Iatts, or Mohaves—a more intelligent Industrious tribe located at Cottonwood Island, on the Colorado river, eighty or ninety miles below our settlement where they raised cotton, grain and other products. We found excellent timber in the high snow mountains to the west about thirty miles away. The lead mine was in the same range....

We got our stock, mules and horses in shape and started back to the Mission Headquarters (at Las Vegas) early in October and found many of the Elders about ready to start home for the winter. In about two weeks Brothers Covert, George Snyder, my brother JAMES A BEAN, John Turner, A. L. Hale and others left for home to return in the spring. We who remained were seventeen in number and probably one thousand Indians within sixty miles but we had made considerable progress in civilizing those near us and we trusted in the Lord, although we had heard of the Elk Mountain Mission being broken up and some of the brethren killed. I have been miraculously preserved many times while in line of duty and trust the Lord in the future.

We had our various school exercises almost every evening. We had four or five rooms in the Fort finished off so as to be quite comfortable. I was Clerk of the Mission and kept up the correspondence with President Young and others, receiving our mail once a month. My daily diary was the history of our activities in the mission and travels and took some time.

About this time, I received instructions to visit and take a census of all natives within the boundaries of our mission field and this required much travel.....We were cornered on a trip by Chief Thomas' hostile Indians who required us to heal a very sick girl forthwith or we could go no farther. We were five in number and if elders were ever united in faith and administration to the sick, it was us at that time, for we saw that the natives were well prepared to carry out their threats. The Lord was with us, however, and He preserved the little girl's life, and I may say ours, until we got peacefully and safely away from them. We obtained what information was possible from that and other tribes of Indians in various locations before we returned to Las Vegas Fort. Our Indian schools, meetings and lyceum programs were continued regularly.

On January 1, 1856, Follett and myself took a bath in the Vegas Springs, four miles above the Fort, which shows the mildness of the climate and warmth of the water. Not a flake of snow fell here all winter.

We got along fairly well during the winter with teaching these untutored sons of Laman and Lemuel their origin and the Gospel of Christ as well as cleanliness, honesty, industry and love of the "Great Spirit" they seemed to fear, yet recognize. Some were added to our number that winter.

During the latter part of February, some of the Elders began to return to the Mission. President Bringhurst concluded to take a few of us back to Salt Lake City and report the good country we were in and ask for more settlers. Five of us started out on muleback with packs and were more than twenty days on the road because of heavy snows in north sections. When we reached Paroway I was happy to see that my sister, NANCY BEAN DECKER had recovered. On the way to Las Vegas I left her very ill but President Young had brought MY MOTHER (Elizabeth Lewis Bean) in his party that was going to St. George, so I felt that the blessings of the brethren and mother's care would save my sister, which it did.....

Other events—Arrival of Handcart Company, 1856 and Coming of Johnston's Army—1857:

They (the members of the Handcart Company) were brought in with frozen feet and hands and distributed through the settlements. Follett and I took a four mule team to Salt Lake City and brought a load of these unfortunates to Provo and one, S. S. Jones, to our home. Elizabeth (his wife) cared for him. He began selling small articles from door to door in Provo and later became a noted merchantman and citizen.....

On July 24 1857, while the pioneers were celebrating the tenth anniversary of their entrance into Salt Lake Valley, at the Brighton Resort in Cottonwood canyon, messengers brought word of the troops of the United States being on their way to destroy the Mormons. Governor Young quickly called for volunteers to go to Echo Canyon, the gateway of our state and hold the troops sent by President Buchanan, out of our Territory while investigations were made. The pioneers declared they would never give up their homes again to their enemies, but would burn them first and prepared to do so, if need be. It was fortunate that the unity of faith had been established so all worked hand in hand to protect their homes and families. Warlike threats did not weaken the people but made them more determined and the wisdom of President

Young and his associates was sufficient for every emergency. Messengers were sent to all of the outposts of Israel to gather for the defense of Zion.....It was in March that President Young called on me to take a party and proceed into the desert regions west of Fillmore and Beaver to find hiding places for the saints in case Johnston's Army came in. All north of Utah valley were to move everything of value except real estate and improvements and go south. Instructions were given to destroy homes rather than let the enemy take them. Straw was placed in houses and sentinels near.....

Our staunch friend, Col. Thomas L. Kane, was again standing by the Mormons. His heart was first touched when he visited the deserted City of Nauvoo and heard the boasts of mobs who were desecrating the lovely homes and sacred Temple we had left. Then again at Council Bluffs when the Mormon Battalion was mustered in and began their march as soldiers of our United States against Mexico. There he learned the spirit of Brigham Young and the Mormons and now they need him to intercede in protection of the Territorial rights and he is here among us.....He went out to Fort Scott to appeal to General Albert Sidney Johnston and bring the new Governor of the Territory, Alfred Cumming into his place among the people to see conditions for himself.

Well, when we returned June 7th, the people had gone to southern settlements, Governor Cumming was here, Col. Kane had hurried back to Washington, and the two Peace Commissioners he asked from President Buchanan, Gov. Powell and Ben McCullock, had arrived and now we were all "forgiven" of rebellion, treason, arson, and other crimes we had not committed, when truth prevailed.

General Albert Sidney Johnston and his army were permitted to march through the City on Brigham Street to Jordan River and south to Cedar Valley, where they located "Camp Floyd" just west of Utah Lake and peace was established. The two Peace Commissioners, Governor Powell of Kentucky and Ben McCullough of Texas had to come to Provo to find President Young and the other officials who moved south; however, the terms were agreed upon, the soldiers located and the people began to move back home.....

In 1860—Some of the government troops left Camp Floyd and returned east, including General Johnston, when rumblings of the Civil War began to stir.

Death of My Mother: (ELIZABETH LEWIS BEAN)

Our family sustained a very great loss by the death of my beloved mother, Elizabeth Lewis Bean, on November 1st of this year (1864). She had been such a sustaining power of wisdom and intelligence to her family and many who sought her counsel, that she will be greatly missed.

Obituary note from Deseret News: "In Provo, Nov 1, ELIZABETH, WIFE OF JAMES BEAN, aged 61 years, 1 month, 8 days. Deceased was born in Lincoln County, Missouri, Sept 22, 1803. Married July 27, 1824. Emigrated to Adams County, Ill. in the spring of 1828 where she obeyed the Gospel in May, 1841. Shortly afterwards gathered with the Saints in Nauvoo, since which time her interests and fortunes have been closely identified with the body of the Church. She came to Utah in 1848 and since 1849 has resided at Provo. She has left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure but not as those who mourn without hope, for she truly labored by good words and deeds and nobly earned the crown of a mother in Israel."

My FATHER (JAMES BEAN) lived to be 78 years of age, having died June 29, 1882 at Provo, Utah.....

George Bean writes about his special friend, PORTER ROCKWELL

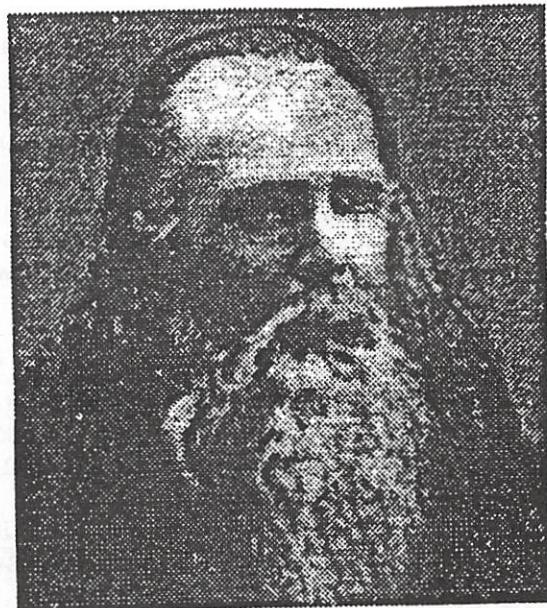
There are so many wonderful friends I'd like to mention if time permits, but I must tell you of a very exceptional man who has ever been true to the Church and Community and has endangered his life to protect laws and officials.

When President Young called Orrin Porter Rockwell and myself, an eighteen year old youth, into his office and gave us a very responsible mission among the Indians, I just about cracked up. Brigham related incidents of Nauvoo days when the Prophet Joseph Smith learned to love Porter for his loyalty and bravery during the mobbings. Even as early as 1839, the Prophet chose Porter to accompany him, Sidney Rigdon and Elias Higbee to Washington, D. C., to plead protection for the Saints in Missouri, a slave State, where the "Mormons" had settled, built homes and cultivated farms, but were denied a vote because they favored freedom and were ordered to leave the State or meet more violence or death. President Martin Van Buren refused aid. He is accredited with this statement: "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." The Saints found refuge in Illinois. When Governor Boggs of Missouri was shot, the Prophet Joseph and O. Porter Rockwell were accused of the shooting. This was in 1842 and Porter was held in prison in Missouri

nearly a year without conviction, then joined the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois, where he discovered some "apostates" still holding office in the L.D.S. Church. He was associated with the Nauvoo Legion and knew some of the Carthage Greys, and aided Sheriff Backentosh in rounding up law breakers. He was a natural "Fox-hound" with a keen scent for traitors and criminals. It was Orrin Porter Rockwell that killed Frank A. Worrell, one of the leaders of the mob and a "guard" at Carthage jail, when the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch, were murdered. Porter recognized Worrell as he was fleeing from the Sheriff and posse. Jacob Baum was a farmer that lived along the road from Carthage to Nauvoo, and vividly remembered the day Rockwell rushed up to their gate, threw his bridle rein over the post and hurriedly rushed into the road and fired his rifle, and said with great satisfaction: "I got him." "Got who?" "Worrell," he said. I was afraid my rifle couldn't reach him, but it did, thank God." "Come, Jacob, get your rifle. Let's see if any more mob demons hid in your straw stack!" Jacob's daughter, Elizabeth, later became my wife. She was but eleven years old at that time. It was common to call at farmer Baum's place for a German breakfast, or a bowl of milk and bread whenever the posse men rode that way.

Orrin Porter Rockwell, as I knew him, was a diamond in the rough. ORIN PORTER ROCKWELL:

It was great to know his inner self. His honest loyalty to Church, Country and friends was deep and lasting. He abhorred deceit and intrigue as did I. He knew the need and power of prayer, as did I. He was above average height, quick in movement, with strong arms and chest, and gray eyes-cool and searching. He was always well armed since his Nauvoo experiences, although the Prophet Joseph told him to wear his hair long and he would never be killed by an enemy. He held to that promise and on many occasions when he stayed over night with me, my wife, Elizabeth, would plait or braid his hair and Porter would comb it into a flare next morning, which emphasized his high forehead, and his aristocratic air. He raised thoroughbred horses and drove a fine team on his favorite vehicle, the buckboard, and his riding horses were the best ever, we thought. His mouth was expressive of his moods, whether jovial, reckless, worried or pleasant. My son, George T., herded sheep for Porter on his farm at the Point of the Mountain one summer. He was demanding, yet kind and tender. His humor made his stories click. In our missionary work, he was humble and earnest. We spent many years of dangerous and worthwhile service together in teaching the Red Men the Gospel of Jesus Christ and of their origin and duties and in aiding the officials of Government to subdue and punish outlaws. Anyone who really does things worthy of attention, is often misunderstood and misrepresented. When Porter shot Lot Huntington Jan. 16, 1862, a renegade fleeing from the officer, he saved the deputy, and perhaps many others. Next day, Smith and Clawson were killed in the City while on a rampage, by perhaps officers of the law, but in 1877, Porter was arrested and imprisoned, placed under \$15,000 bail. I never learned how the trial came out as I had removed my family south to Sevier County, Utah where Judgeship and Church service took all my time, hence I failed to visit that true friend and persecuted man. He died June 9, 1878.



Dedication of the Salt Lake Temple and Special Services:

The Great Salt Lake Temple was nearing completion, and Saints all over the church were requested to hold a fast day and meeting on March 25th and repent and confess their sins, and forgive, yes, ask forgiveness of those they might have offended or wronged, even before they asked for it, and thus prepare themselves to enter the Holy House of the Lord during the services. Each stake had an appointed day and time, to enjoy the Dedicatory Service.

At this special Fast Meeting, I, like many others present, felt humble and confessed my sins as I saw them and asked forgiveness of any, or all I had wronged in any way. I felt a joyous response. I was grateful and

went to Salt Lake in good spirit. Elizabeth and I started to this 63rd Annual Conference on April 3, 1893, and the Dedication. The Temple was most beautiful beyond description and the services therein were glorious. The 19th and 20th of April were for Presidencies of Stakes; 115 in number met with the General Authorities. We were together six hours the first day and eight hours the second, spent in Holy communion. Indeed it will never be forgotten. Reverently speaking, the Sacrament was administered in our Priestly robes in accordance with the Book of Mormon. We Elders were given a glass tumbler and napkin used in the ceremony as a keepsake. I was in the Temple Dedication seven times. Nearly 70,000 people saw the grandeur of the workmanship of the building, and partook of the Holy Spirit manifested therein.

Our Domestic Life with System and Work Results:

The domestic life of our family should be told by the ladies, but I'll try to interest you.....Elizabeth (George's wife) had been so thoroughly trained in all kinds of work and to suit the clothes to the job that she was not long in getting "aunt" Emily and "aunt" Mary into family management and they added their information and all made their soap from waste fats; milked cows, made butter and cheese, and cottage cheese, curdled the milk with rennet; raised their garden truck in season and fruits to bottle and to dry; raised chickens, ducks and geese for feathers and food, turkeys, sheep for food and wool for clothing; veal, beef and hogs for fresh or cured meats; herbs for seasoning or medicine; and thus they labored so that when I brought men from Court there was plenty to eat and strangers were welcomed.....

One morning when Elizabeth found no cedar wood in the kitchen box, she peeled potatoes, sliced the ham, made biscuits, and broke the eggs--placed them on the table raw and called the boys to breakfast, and one said grace. When they reached for food, the one responsible for that chore, said, "Well, I'll be darned." He arose and soon brought the wood. That was how mother Bean did her scolding. That may suffice for our domestic life.

George Washington Bean returns to his homestead in Illinois and a visit to relatives in the fall of 1895. November 15th, after an absence of ninety-two days, I arrived at home, to rest from a strenuous, glorious trip, finding all well and happy to see me, and I, them. It took a few weeks to settle down and separate family groups from my diary. I had traveled 7,110 miles by railroad, 200 miles by team, 150 miles by steamboat and did some walking.....

On October 24, 1895 while visiting at the home of Uncle Garrett Bean, near Stillwell, Hancock County, Ill, where his son, Henry Franklin lived, I gleaned these points from his autobiographical sketch: 1st, that grandfather, WILLIAM BEAN AND ANNA BUCALEW, HIS WIFE, moved from Christian County, Ky, in 1808, and lived in Pike County, Missouri, where grandfather died in 1809, some two months before uncle William was born, possibly in early October, 1809. 2nd point--that in 1811 the Indians murdered the O'Neal family, and settlers from Pike and Lincoln counties had to go to St. Charles Forts in midwinter, returned in 1815 and again sought refuge until 1828. The Beans then moved to Illinois. For mutual safety the people gathered in and lived on the John Wood's place, where Quincy now stands, with great loss to their effects and crops.....

JAMES BEAN and family lived on the Keyes farm near Quincy, 1828 and Father Edwards' family, grandma Bean's second husband, lived on John Wood's farm, now Quincy, Adams County, Ill. There were then twelve families in Quincy.....

On Genealogical Work:

Get the spirit of record keeping, organize our family and father (James Bean's) other families, the Nancy Bean Decker family, the SARAH ANN BEAN CASPER'S FAMILY, etc. While all the families are responsible to our father JAMES BEAN, who began our genealogical service, do not wait but pick up where my feeble efforts end. Organize. Choose officers who have spirit and ability. Ask a stipend from members to buy stamps and needed materials and professional service when needed. Give your genealogist, whether man or woman, every assistance. Take names and addresses of probable relatives you meet.Get the spirit of the Lord in you and obey its quiet promptings by doing the things you should do...

Family record of George W. Bean's brothers and sisters: Nancy Bean, born 14 Dec 1826 in West Troy, Lincoln County, Missouri, married Zachariah Bruyn Decker; SARAH ANN BEAN, born 31 Oct 1828 at Mendon, near Quincy, Adams Co., Ill, married WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER; Mary Elizabeth Bean, born

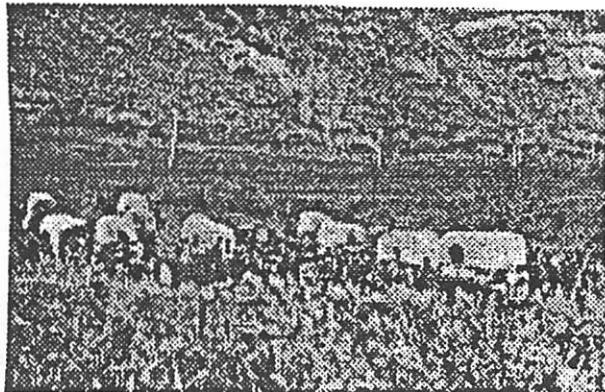
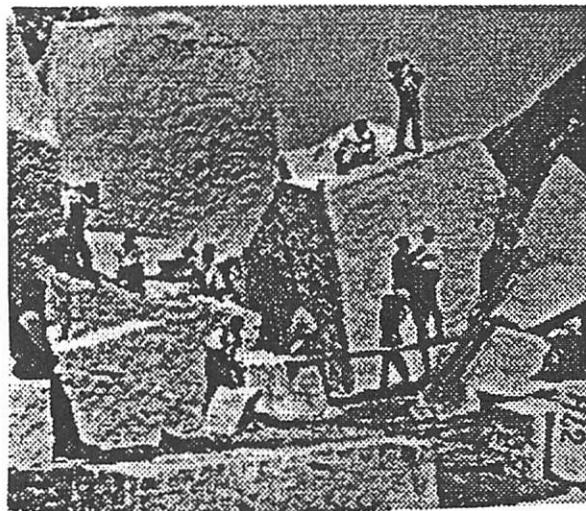
~~Wendell C. Quincy, Adams Co., Ill., married to AMOS WHITCOMB HAWS; MARY ELIZABETH BEAN~~; Mary Elizabeth Bean, born 17 Apr 1839, near Quincy, Adams County, Illinois, married Amos Whitcomb Haws; James Addison Bean, born 11 Mar 1834 at Mendon, near Quincy, Illinois, married Harriet Catherine Fausett.

Family record of SARAH ANN BEAN AND WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER: Sarah Jane Casper, born 7 Oct 1845 at Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Illinois; Nephi William Casper, born 10 Nov 1848 at Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co. Utah; Elizabeth Ann Casper, born 24 Dec. 1850 Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co., Utah; James Moroni Casper, born 28 Feb 1853, Mill Creek, S.L.Co., Utah; HARRIET PRISCILLA CASPER, born 28 Oct 1855, Mill Creek, S.L.Co., Utah; Jedediah Grant Casper, born 18 Aug 1857, Mill Creek; Margaret Emma Casper, born 31 Jan 1860 at Millcreek; George Ether Casper, born 15 Dec 1861, Mill Creek; John Ebenezer Casper, born 10 May 1866, Mill Creek and Reuben Miller Casper, born 4 May 1868, at Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

CONCLUSION AND TESTIMONY

This is my testimony to you, my children and descendants to the last generation; that God lives and answers prayers for our best good, not always as we ask; that He came to the humble boy, Joseph Smith, in answer to his pleadings to know which of all the churches is right, that He brought His Son, Jesus Christ, the Redeemer and Mediator between God and man to give instructions, that Lucifer, or Satan, the destroyer of everything good, was there to crush out the life of Joseph, but he failed; that the light from Heaven that surrounded Joseph preserved him and God's great plan was carried on...And now, dear children, as a Patriarch, I give unto you a Father's blessing, that you may overcome the temptations of Satan, Live the Gospel of Jesus Christ and bring your Heavenly Father close to you by earnest pray. This is my prayer and blessing for you all, in the name of Jesus Christ Amen. /s/ George W. Bean

Pictures: (1) The prophet Brigham Young was a friend, advisor, example and spiritual guide to the Bean family (2) working on the granite blocks for the Salt Lake temple in Little Cottonwood Canyon (3) a group of pioneers and (4) Mount Olympus rising above Holladay, Utah.



WILLIAM BEAN AND ANNA BUCKALEW BEAN
Irona's second great grandparents, maternal line.
"William Bean was the eldest son of William Bean by his wife, Ann Scott and the father of James Bean, our progenitor. He was born about 1777. William was given a bequest in the will of his grandfather, William Scott. He married Anna Buckalew 20 June 1803 at Livingston Co., Kentucky. Anna was born 25 Oct 1784 to Garrett and Polly (Newton) Buckalew.

The original marriage bond, now in the McClung Historical Collection, Knoxville, Tennessee, reads: "Know all men by these presents that we, William Bean and Robert Scott are held firmly bound unto James Garrard, Esq. Governor of the State of Kentucky, in the penal sum of fifty pounds current money of this state to the payment of which we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, etc. personally by these presents.

The condition of the above obligation is such that whereas there is a marriage strictly to be had and solemnized between William Bean and Anna Buckalew, both of this county. Now if it shall always hereafter appear that there is no just cause to obstruct said marriage then the above obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue this 20th day of June 1803. /s/ William Bean /s/ Robert Scott

To W. Enock Prince: Please to let the bearer William Bean have license on my account for daughter, Anna, and in so doing you will much oblige your friend Garret Buckalew."

In 1803 William Bean is on the Livingston County tax lists. We find him in 1805 in Christian County, owning one horse. He stayed in Kentucky for several years, but by 1806 plans were made to move further west, this time to Missouri. Seven or eight families from Christian County organized together including William Bean, Garrett Buckalew and a number of Buckalews other son in laws. Garrett Bean later wrote that they "were poor in the things of this world, for they all together were only able to fit out one wagon." The country was so wild that part of the time their belongings had to be moved on pack horses.

They settled in St. Charles County, Mo., which at that time was unbroken wilderness except for the small village of St. Charles, in the summer of 1808. William Bean was not to long enjoy the new country or take part in the toils of settling it. He "sickened and died and left my poor mother with three helpless children in very destitute circumstances," in October or September, 1809, according to son Garrett. Troubles were

compounded for the young widow when a posthumous child, William Bean IV was born 4 Dec 1809.

Anna Buckalew Bean remarried 16 July 1810, St. Charles District, Mo., to Andrew Edwards, son of Thomas Edwards. Andrew was a young widower with one child. He was described cautiously by Garret as having "some good and some bad qualities."

By 1811, the family was living in Pike County, Mo., and in December of that year they had to flee because the Indians murdered a local family. Several times the family had to run to the fort for protection, but by 1815, it was safe to return to Pike County, where they lived until about 1828. Then they moved to Adams County, Illinois.

Andrew Edwards died 13 July 1833, Adams County, Illinois. His widow joined the Mormon church in her old age and outlived Joseph Smith, for she died 4 March 1846 in Adams County, Near Quincy.

Children of William Bean and Anna Buckalew: James, born 3 Mar 1804 at Elton, Christian, Kentucky who married Elizabeth Lewis; Mary (Polly), born 26 Aug 1805, married David Crow and died in 1843; Garrett, born 16 Feb 1807, married Nancy Crow, sister of David. James, the first son, said of his brother and sister marrying Crows, the family "crowed a great deal." The fourth child was William IV, born 4 Dec 1809, Lincoln Co. and married Nancy Hillary. She died in Council Bluffs, Iowa, 16 Feb 1892 and William IV died there also on the 14 Aug 1888.

There were also children by Anna Buckalew Bean Edwards and her husband, Andrew Edwards.

WILLIAM BEAN AND ANN SCOTT BEAN

Irona's 3rd great grandparents, maternal line.

"William Bean was born 8 February 1754 in Ireland, according to the old Bean Bible record. His father was the original immigrant, but because he was ten years older than his next sibling, some have questioned whether Naomi was his mother. He may have been son of an earlier, unknown wife, or there may have been some unrecorded children born and died after his birth.

William Bean married Ann Scott, daughter of William and Mary Scott. She was born about 1760, also in Ireland. Her father's will calls her "Ann, wife of William Bean," and also makes bequest to "William son of Ann Bean (Newberry, S.C., Probates, will of William Scott). Her mother's will calls her my daughter "Anny Bean."

It has been argued that he had another wife who bore him children. Many records name his other wife as Celia Wyatt. John Wyatt of Rowan Co., N. C. in his will of 1815, names his son, William Bean, his executor. This is probably the source of the error.

Since William Bean (husband of Anna Buckalew) was the eldest child, and is known by William Scott's will to be a son of Scott's daughter, Ann, and since Ann Scott Bean outlived her husband, William Bean 2, there is no room for another wife who had children.

"Mr. William Bean Jr," our ancestor, is recorded as a private in the militia during the American Revolutionary War. He lost a horse in the service in December, 1779, for which he was reimbursed. He was in the 1790 census in the 96th District, Laurens Co., S.C., with one male over 16, three males under 16 and four females. It was probably he who was granted land on the South Fork of Duncan's Creek, 25 Feb 1773, and more land in 1774. On 16 May 1792, William Bean and his wife, Ann, sold to Robert Burns of Union County, 100 acres of land on the south fork of Duncan's Creek, land identified in the deed as that which he received from his father, William Bean, as heir at law. After selling this land, he is found in Edgefield County, where 4 Aug 1796, he bought 217 acres of land from Robert Brooks, and paid 180 shillings for land from Samuel Lewis. The land was sold 2 September 1799, and 18 July 1801 Ann Bean relinquishes her rights to dower and interest in the property. Interestingly, it was sold for half of what he paid for it. The family was no doubt preparing to move to Kentucky.

In 1802, we find him in Livingston County, Kentucky, in the tax records as William Bean, Senior, taxed for 200 acres on Eddy Creek. He was again listed in 1803. It is probably he who was in the 1804 tax records of Christian County on Little River with 92 and 1/2 acres and one horse. He is found there until 1808, and from 1810-1814, we find him in Caldwell County. On 22 August 1810 William Bean of Caldwell deeded property to his daughter, Margaret.

In July, 1812, William Bean was appointed surveyor for Lyon Ferry on the Cumberland River at the mouth of Eddy Creek. He was deceased by 26 Feb 1816, for on that date his estate was appraised for his widow, Ann. It was valued at \$148, but was not settled until 23 Oct 1820. Debts against the estate were \$122.22, and Ann, his wife, as administratrix gets \$10. No where

have we found a list of heirs.

The list of children is consequently difficult and incomplete. The marriage of his daughter, Mary, identifies her father as William Bean, as does the marriage of his son, Thomas. Thomas in his will mentions his brother in law, Giles Barrett, and since Barrett married Margaret Bean, we have confirmation besides a deed from her father that she was a daughter. William Bean 3 is known, for his son, James Bean was baptized for his grandfather, William Bean, 15 Apr 1844 and again 29 July 1869, when he said his grandfather William Bean 2 was born in Ireland. Another child is supposed to be the Sarah Bean who married Solomon Stanfield, as Solomon Stanfield was a witness to the will of Thomas Bean 3. In addition, Martha Bean who married James D. Dobbins is possibly another daughter and the Dobbins children residing with Naomi and Nancy Bean in 1850 may give us two additional unmarried children. We can only say with certainty that the following are children of William Bean and Ann Scott: William, Margaret and Thomas. Nevertheless, we give as much data as we can of the others. Children: William, born about 1777 and married to Anna Buckalew; Mary, married to James Bell 17 May 1803, Livingston Co., Ky.; Thomas, married 25 Jul 1810, Caldwell Co., Ky., to Elizabeth Martin; Sarah, married 16 July 1807, Livingston Co. to Solomon Stanfield, who witnessed the will of Thomas Bean 3; Martha, married 26 Aug 1822, Caldwell Co., to James D. Dobbins, is believed to be a daughter; John, aged 48-1850, may be another son. He vouched for Martha Bean's age when she married James Dobbins and was living with Naomi and Nancy Bean and the Dobbins children in 1850; Naomi, 49-1850, born S.C., head of household in 1850 census, may be another daughter; Nancy, 47-1850, born S.C., living with Naomi, may be a daughter, if she is not wife of John; Margaret, married 31 August 1826, Caldwell Co. to Giles Barrett. Margaret died and Giles married (2) Priscilla Wilson."

WILLIAM BEAN AND NAOMI BATES BEAN

Irona's 4th great grandparents, maternal line.

"William Bean was a Scotch-Irish Immigrant who took advantage of the Duty, or Bounty Law, arriving in Charleston the end of 1767 with his wife and two children.

"Meeting of January 5, 1768. The Clerk also reported that he had in pursuance of his Excellency the Governors directions had been on

board the ship Admiral Hawk, John McAdams Master who had lately arrived in this Province from Londonderry with poor Irish protestants on the encouragement of the Bounty given by the Act of the General Assembly...and had administered the usual oaths to such as were of age, agreeable to the following list:

William Bean, 40; Nomiah Bean, 30; William Bean, 13; and Thomas Bean, 3. (See Bennett, 1962, p. 164-81.)

The wife of William Bean 1 was Naomi, traditionally called Bates.

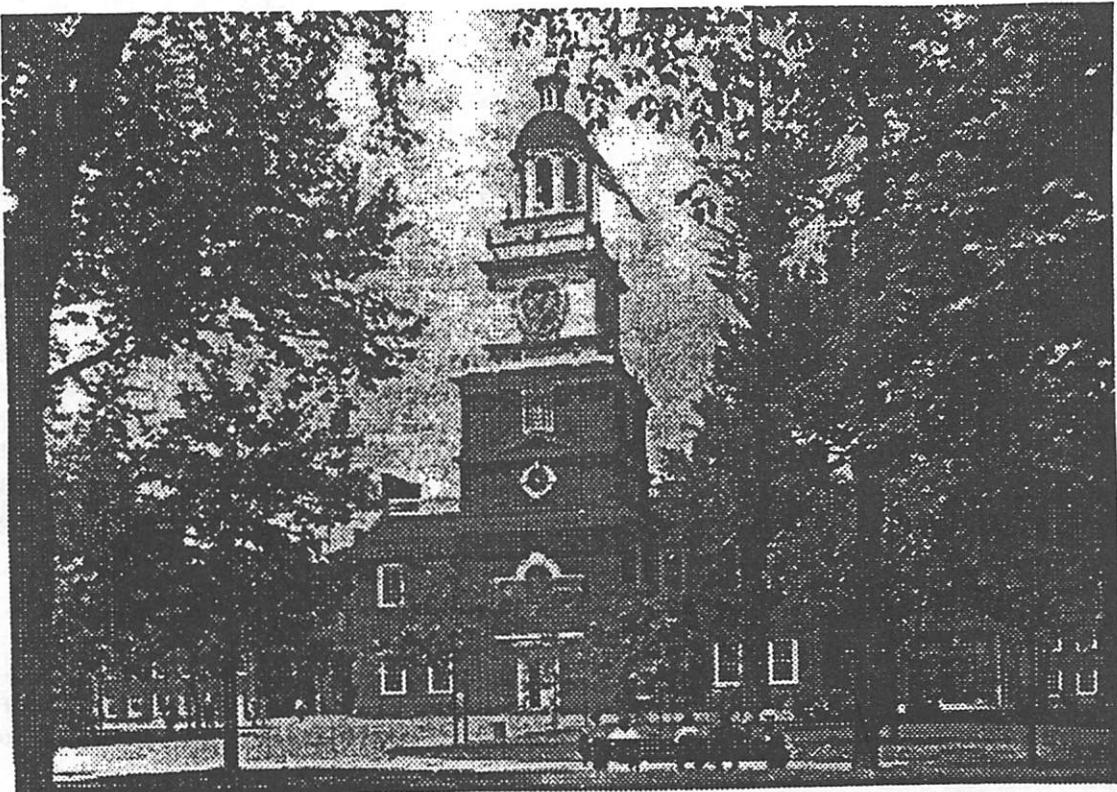
William Bean was granted 250 acres of land on the South Fork of Duncan's Creek. He was to pay three shillings of sterling, or four shillings proclamation money, for every one hundred acres of land, payments to start in ten years. He was ordered to cultivate three acres out of every one hundred per year, until he became a patented owner. The approval of the grant was made 5 January 1768. It was confirmed 12 August 1768. He got one hundred acres for himself, fifty for his wife, and fifty for each of his two children. On 12 Aug 1774, he was granted

an additional 150 acres for three additional children.

William Bean was dead by 20 September 1786, because on that date, his widow, Naomi, had a grant of 150 acres of land on Little River in the Camden District.

George Washington Bean (James 4, William 3, William 2, William 1) traveled from Utah to the land of his forefathers in South Carolina, in 1895, and recorded on 26 August that he had a discussion with John W. Bean of Madisonville, Kentucky, "who had been over nine States trying to establish his relationship to Tom C. Bean, who left an immense estate in Texas" and added that "we are both offshoots from the old William Bean who emigrated from Ireland..." While on this trip, he apparently copies entries from a now lost family bible, said to be in possession of the Stormont descendants, which gives us the birth dates and names of the children of William and Naomi Bean. It may also be from this bible that her maiden name is asserted to be "Bates."

The Ebenezer Hanks Story, by Kerry William Bate, 1982, Family History Library, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.



GARRETT BUCKALEW AND MARY OR POLLY
NEWTON
Irona's 3rd great grandparents

The Ebenezer Hanks Story by Kerry William Bates, 1982. The author gives a special thanks to Mrs. Arlene Bean Meservy for sharing the results of her laborious and competently undertaken researches on the Bean, Buckalew and Lewis families.

"Garrett Buckalew was first mentioned in the 1765 tax rolls of Cameron Parish, Loudon County, Virginia, as in the same household as his undoubted father, Richard Buckalew. While no direct evidence exists that he was the son of Richard, we believe the circumstantial evidence overwhelming. He, along with Richard, moves from Loudon County, Virginia, to Mecklenburg County, N. C., to Colleton and then Edgefield County, South Carolina.

Further, Richard's known son, George, is mentioned jointly in these moves, and is mentioned with Garrett Buckalew. They owned land adjacent to each other, and witnessed each others deeds. Richard's other known son, John, applied for a Revolutionary War pension, and like Garrett, he moved from Edgefield, S.C. to Christian County, Ky., but he then moved on to Pike Co., Mississippi and then Alabama.

Garrett Buckalew is the first known ancestor to be pulled into the skein drawn by the Mormon practice of baptism for the dead, and he, his wife, and all of his children are mentioned in the Mormon baptismal for the dead records in the 19th century. His wife is there, called Mary or Polly Newton, and it is suggested that she was a daughter of John Newton, but that point is not yet established.

In 1766, Garrett was listed as a foot soldier for Mecklenburg County, as was his presumed father and several of his presumed brothers.

In the South Carolina Archives, Pre-Revolutionary Plats, 9:370 and 9:923-24, Garrett Buckalew is shown receiving a plantation of 100 acres on Stephens Creek, "bounded S. B. by Richard Buckle, and S. E. by said Buckle, all other sides by vacant lands." In 1772, he and Richard Buckalew were taxed for their lands on Stephens Creek. In 1786, Garrett was sued or suing John Rainsford in Edgefield County (Ct of Common Pleas). In 1789, he was serving as a juror.

He is in the land records of Edgefield in March, 1792, selling 269 acres of land to John Sloan

(Edgefield Deed Book 20:28-32).

On 11 April 1798, Joseph Newton, believed to be his brother-in-law, sold land to James Eddins on Little Stephens Creek, land that had originally been granted to Garrett Buckalew (Edgefield Deed Book, 15:474). He and his presumed brother, George, were both mentioned in a deed of 30 January 1797 (Edgefield Book "L":543). Between 1798 and 1803, we lose sight of him, but in 1803 his son, Eliab Buckalew, is on the tax lists in Christian County, Kentucky, with two horses, and Garrett is found there with one horse. Both are listed in the Christian County records as living on the Muddy Fork or Little River with several hundred acres of land, until 1808, when they are not shown.

In the summer of 1809, Garrett Buckalew, his wife, four of his son-in-laws, along with the rest of his children, went to Missouri, a total wagon train of seven or eight families. "All of whom were poor in the things of the world, for they all together were only able to fit out one wagon," recalled Garrett's grandson and namesake, Garrett Bean. It is not even certain the wagon was drawn by four horses, and a portion of their effects were transported on pack horses. They crossed the Mississippi near Idton and eventually settled in what was then St. Charles, now Pike County, Missouri. In 1815, Garrett purchased 100 acres of land from David and Eleanore Dulaney of St. Charles County, and later deeded part of that property to his son, Eliab. Still later he sold some land on Ramsey's Creek in Pike County to his son-in-law. Little is known of his old age, but his will was dated 1824 and probated in 1828 in Bowling Green, Pike County, Missouri. Nothing further is known of his wife.

Children of Garrett and Mary or Polly Newton Buckalew:

Sally Buckalew, married 28 Nov 1803 at Christian Co., Ky to Charles Hughes; Lydia Buckalew married (1) John Spears, married (2)—Myers; Eliab Buckalew, married Rebecca—, died 26 Feb, 1844, Bayville, Pike, Mo.; Dempsey Buckalew, born 12 Mar 1780, married 22 Mar 1806 Henry Young at Christian Co., Ky.; Elizabeth Buckalew, said to have been born 1782, married Samuel Groshong, deceased by 1835; ANNA BUCKALEW was born 25 Oct 1784, Burke Co., N.C., married (1) 20 June 1803 to William Bean, married (2) Andrew Edwards, d. 4 March 1846, Adams Co., Ill.; Celia Buckalew was born 1786, married Joseph McCoy on 2 June 1808; Mary or

Polly Buckalew, aged 63 in 1850 so was born 1787, S. C., died Calumet, Pike Co., Mo. married Jesse Hughes, N. C.; Temperance Buckalew, aged 52 in 1850 so was born about 1798, Kentucky, married Daniel McHugh.

RICHARD BUCKALEW AND MARY BUCKALEW

Irona's 4th great grandparents, maternal line.

Richard Buckalew is first mentioned in his father's will, dated 10 Nov 1739. In 1744, we find him as a witness to a legal record in Middlesex County, New Jersey. After that he disappears. We feel confident in identifying him with that Richard Buckalew who was in Loudon County, Virginia, at least as early as 1756, as a thorough search of all Buckalew data shows him nowhere else and his children significantly include a George and a Frederick.

The pension application of his son, John Buckalee or Buckalew, states that John was aged 78 in 1834, and born in Loudon County, Virginia, hence born about 1756 (Pension Application of John Buckalee or Buckalew, from National Archives, Number R 1391).

In 1758, Richard Buckalew was listed as one of the titheables in Loudon County. On 15 Aug 1758, we find "George Buckle an infant (i.e., under 21 years of age) by Richard Buckle his father." (Order Books, Loudon County, A:269). The same record, dated 8 March 1763, specifically identifies him as father of Frederick Buckalew and John Buckalew (Deeds of Loudon County, pt. 5 book C, p. 521). The rest of the list of his children is assumed from what we believe to be convincing circumstantial evidence.

The 1765 Loudon County Tithables shows Richard Buckalew and Garrett Buckalew were taxed as in the same household. George Buckalew is also in the 1765 Tithables. Also in 1765, Richard and his wife, Mary, sign a deed being the only evidence we have for the name of his wife.

On 7 June 1766, Richard "Buckle" was a foot soldier in a company of militia under the command of Captain Adam Alexander. By 1767, he was in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, where he purchased land from Henry McCulloch. Other Buckalews mentioned in the 1766 militia records of Mecklenburg County were Jonathan, George, Thomas and Garrett. Jonathan may be a brother of our Richard. Thomas was given 1,000 acres of land in Colleton County, South Carolina, 22 Sept 1772, and 500 acres on the

Enoree River (S.C. Archives 9:412; 13:411), indicating he was head of a large family.

On 29 Mar 1768, he was granted 450 acres of land in Berkeley County on the Sandy Run, and prior to that 12 Nov 1767, he had 100 acres in Fredericksburg township in Craven County on the east side of the Wateree River.

By 1771, he was in South Carolina, where Garrett Buckalew had 100 acres of land that bordered his. He was a witness to Garrett's deed. In 1772, the memorial tax returns reads "a return for 100 acres land on branch of Stephens Creek of Savannah River by the lands of Richard Buckalew and Garret Buckalew vacant land." Richard was given 500 acres of land next to Garrett's in 1772. On 17 Jan 1772, he was granted 500 acres of land in Colleton County, South Carolina.

John Buckalew, in his application for pension for Revolutionary War service, states that his father (i.e. Richard Buckalew) died in the war. The date is not known, but he was dead by 17 Jan 1784, when his son, George Buckalew, was selling land that had belonged to his father, Richard. A deed of 3 Jan 1785 specifically calls George, son of deceased Richard, and mentions land that is bounded by the land of James Buckalew and Garrett Buckalew.

It has been suggested his wife's maiden name was Garrett, because their son had that name, but no other evidence has been brought forth to support that contention.

Children of Richard and Mary Buckalew:

George Buckalew, proven to be son of Richard as early as 1759 (Loudon County Order Books A:269) and as late as 3 June 1785 (Edgefield County, S.C., Deeds 7:45). He married Mary—, as shown by the latter records. He was a juror 13 Oct 1788 (Ct. of Common Pleas, Edgefield Co.) and had been a foot soldier 7 June 1766; GARRETT BUCKALEW, born about 1758. (see above) (3) Thomas Buckalew, perhaps a son, foot soldier 1766 with Richard, Garrett and George Buckalew. He was given 1,000 acres of land in Colleton Co., S.C., 22 Sept 1772 and 500 acres on the Enoree River (S.C. Archives, 9:412; 13:411; John Buckalew, proven to be a son in the Edgefield Ct. of Common Pleas Jan 1790, suing William Robinson. In 1790 census with one male over sixteen, one male under sixteen, one female. Pension applied for Revolutionary War Service suspended but later granted; James Buckalew in Mecklenburg County, 1773, but called of Edgefield. His wife was Rachel (Probate Rec. Edgefield 2:208 16 Nov 1787) and in the 1790

census he was in Edgefield with one male under sixteen, four males over sixteen and three females. On 24 Apr 1812, land that had granted to Richard Buckalew and inherited by George Buckalew was sold to James (Edgefield Co. Deeds 31:112-13). He was called "James Buckalew Senior" at the administration of his estate 18 Dec 1819; Frederick Buckalew, specifically identified as son of Richard (Deeds of Loudon Co., Va. pt 5 book C p. 521). On 5 June 1786 he witnessed a deed of Samuel Lewis regarding land originally granted to Garrett Buckalew; William Buckalew, probably a son, mentioned 9 July 1785 in Revolutionary War claims. He witnessed a bill of sale of James Buckalew, Senior's estate settlement 1819, if the same man.

GEORGE BUCKALEW AND SARAH BUCKALEW Irona's fifth great grandparents.

George Buckalew mentioned in the will of his father as having received a legacy by deed. The name of his wife was Sarah and she is identified in 1749 as widow of George and mother of James (Deeds, Liber G-2, p. 165.)

George Buckalew's will calls him of Perth Amboy and mentions his eldest son, Richard, to have land on Back Creek, his son "Jeams" and three sons, George Jonathan and William, ten pounds each, wife Sarah "Bokelew" and three daughters, Presillah, Susanna and Sary and also leaves to his son, Richard four head of cattle and a sorrel mare. His wife, Sarah and brother William, are to be executors. The will was dated 10 November 1739 and we do not have a probate date. He signed his own name to his will as "george Buckallw" (ANJ 30:72).

Children of George and Sarah Buckalew:
RICHARD, James, George, Jonathan, William, Priscilla, Susanna and Sarah Buckalew.

FREDERICK BUCKALEW AND MARY BUCKALEW Irona's sixth great grandparents

Frederick Buckalew was christened 30 August 1787, Dutch Reformed Church, Staten Island, New York, and married Mary---, who is believed to be the mother of his children.

A deed dated 23 July 1725, but recorded 4 July 1749, calls Frederick a carpenter of Perth Amboy, East New Jersey, and grants land to his son, George Buckalew, husbandman (Liber G-2, pp.

163-65). A deed recorded next to this one if from James "Buckalow" to Peter Buckalew and mentions James Buckalew's mother, Sarah Buckalew, widow of George. On the first deed, Frederick and his wife Mary, signed by mark. His mark is a capital "F" laid face down, and her mark, a capital "M".

On 25 June 1750, he and Peter Gordon made inventory on the estate of Ebenezer Hayward (ANJ 32:151). On 25 February 1754, he owed a debt to the estate of Jonathan Ketchum (ANJ 30:280).

His will was dated 22 October 1753 and probated 31 Oct 1754, calling him "Phedrick Buckalew of Perth Amboy" and "yoman being sick and weak in Body." He mentions his eldest son, William, as deceased but leaving children "Phedrick" and Abraham, and "the four Langtons" Susannah, Ann, Rebecca, and Priscilla, presumably grandchildren, as well as his sons, Frederick, George, John, Peter, Thomas, daughter Add and her children (unnamed), to Mary, wife of John "Bokelew" who is identified as "Peter's Son" and to her daughter, Jeane Jones. He appoints his sons, Frederick and Thomas as executors. (ANJ 32:46).

Children of Frederick Buckalew and Mary Buckalew:

William Buckalew, married Elizabeth Everson, daughter of Nicholas Everson, whose will says "William Buckalew, father of Elizabeth's children, to have no part of said lands" that were bequeathed to Elizabeth. He died before the date of his father's will 22 Oct 1753; Frederick Buckalew, executor of friend, Henry Disbrow's will, 12 Aug 1749. Frederick married (1) not known and (2) Mercy, who is mentioned in his will as second wife; GEORGE BUCKALEW was born about 1707, see above; John Buckalew married 25 Dec 1731, Isabel Dove, daughter of Alexander Dove (ANJ 30:49); Peter Buckalew is identified by his father's will as having a son, John Buckalew, who has a wife Mary, with a daughter named Jeane Jones. He married (1) Abigail---, and was he who married (2) Catherine Bowne 20 Aug 1759, Middleton; Ann Buckalew, identified as married and having children in her father's will. Perhaps she was the mother of the four Langtons mentioned in the will, if so, the children, surname Langton are: Susannah, Ann, Rebecca and Priscilla.

BUKALEW

PETER BUKLIOU AND ANETJIE FREDERICKS
BUKLIOU

Irona's seventh great grandparent

Peter Buckliou, first known ancestor of this name, was an emigrant to New York, and later to New Jersey. The "Buckalew Family," manuscript in the Helen Gearhart Collection, Pennsylvania Archives, Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia, says that Peter Buckliou was son of William "Bucklow" or "Boreklo" who was born about 1620, and had children, Peter, John Willemsen of Gravesend, Kings County, Long Island, New York, and William Willemsen of Flatlands, Kings County. However, research has not confirmed this. A letter dated 11 August, 1965, from James Buckalew Helm, M.D. (7 White Bridge Rd. Nashville, Tenn. 37205) to Mrs. Kenneth A. Erman assigns a Scottish origin to the family, with Frederick Buckalew (above) asserted to be the emigrant ancestor, from Invernesshire, Scotland, in 1715.

Peter Buckliou married Anetjie Fredericks, who was christened 18 Dec 1646, Dutch Colony in Brazil, daughter of Frederick Janss and Greitjen Janss. Fredericks was, of course, her patronymic.

"A patten for a parcel of land on Staten Island granted to Mr. Robert Rider," dated 30 December

1680, mentions this land as adjoining the land of Peter "Burklow" (see recorded book of patents, no. 5, p. 28). A deed dated 28 Dec 1688 shows Peter "Buckaliew" bought of widow Maria Lambert 100 acres on Cheesquake Creek in Middlesex County, New Jersey. He sold his Staten Island property 8 Dec 1692, to Teunis Egberts.

His cattle mark was described as "marke with across on the left ear & a slit in the under side of each ear," and his name is spelled "Bukljou" (Richmond County, New York, records).

On 8 Apr 1695, administration on his estate was granted to his son, Peter, and he was called "Peter Bucklew Senior of Perth Amboy" (see Archives of New Jersey, hereafter ANJ, 23:69). His son, Peter, was also bondsman on the estate.

Children of Peter and Anetjie Buckliou:

Peter Buckliou administered the estate. No further record; FREDERICK BUKALEW, see above; Mary Buckliou claimed to be a daughter, married Francis Letts, son of William Letts (ANJ 23:29). His will was dated 15 Sept 1742 and probated 29 Nov 1742, mentioning his wife Mary and following children: (surname Letts) John, Abraham, Peter, Francis and William, called deceased in his father's will, but left a son, Francis. This William, in his will dated 27 Feb 1739 and probated 16 Apr 1740, names his children and his "Cousin" Peter Buckalew.

